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CONTENTS.

	PAGE	
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	813	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		
Peace at a Price	816	
The New Cure for Strikes	817	
The Wrong Way Out	819	
THE OPENING DEBATE. By A Radical Member		820
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		
Feminism and Socialism	820	
The Allurements of Senti- ment	822	
Learned Laughter	823	
WEALTH AND LIFE.		
VIII.—Industry. By Stephen Reynolds	824	
THE DRAMA:—		
A New Fairy Convention	825	
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—		
The Federal Chimera. By Erskine Childers	826	
COMMUNICATIONS:—		
Scottish Land Problems. By Kenneth MacIver	827	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		
Martial Law in South Africa. By Lover of Free- dom and Arthur Brenton	828	
Right of Search and Right of Capture. By Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge	829	
The Land Policy for Towns. By Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P.	830	
Strikes and the Public Services. By A. E. W.	830	
REVIEWS:—		
Catholic Apologetic	835	
A Motto for Biographers	836	
The Dream Folk of London	837	
Translated Ballades	838	
The "Bohn" Pepys	838	
Holbein's Duchess	840	
BOOKS IN BRIEF:—		
Early Christian and Byzan- tine Architecture	842	
My Art and My Friends	842	
Luxembourg: The Grand Duchy and its People	842	
The Land and Yourself	842	
Young Delinquents	842	
Sell's World's Press	842	
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum		844

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Events of the Week.

WITH the opening of Parliament on Tuesday—a ceremonial marked by an unusual degree of popular interest as well as by the exceptional brilliance of its setting—the Home Rule controversy entered on a new and definitely hopeful phase. In the Speech from the Throne, read by the King in person, regret was expressed that the efforts which had been made to arrive at a solution by agreement of the problems connected with the government of Ireland had so far not succeeded. "In a matter in which the hopes and the fears of so many of my subjects are keenly concerned," the Speech proceeded, "and which, unless handled now with foresight, judgment, and in a spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties, it is my most earnest wish that the good will and co-operation of men of all parties and creeds may heal dissensions and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement." Remarkable in phrasing and in substance, those striking passages were rendered yet more significant by the earnest and pointed manner of their delivery. On other matters the Speech revealed no surprises. Perhaps the most interesting of its announcements was one comprised in a single line, to the effect that the Session is to witness the production of the Government's proposals for a reconstituted Second Chamber.

In the debates of both Houses, the spirit of mutual concession invoked by the King's Speech played a fitful, yet none the less auspicious, part. On the eve of the session vague threats had appeared in a section of the Unionist press, pointing to the probability of incidents of disorder, apparently to be provided by the Opposition at some word of command. Happily, nothing of the sort occurred. Amendments to the Address were moved in both Houses (in the Lords by Viscount Midleton, and in the Commons by Mr. Long), calling for an election on the Home Rule Bill, and on this somewhat threadbare text speeches were delivered on both sides which, though not free in all cases from acrimony, were at all events not disfigured by any of the grosser forms of party bitterness. Before Mr. Asquith's intervention the Opposition attack had been opened by Mr. Long in a speech notable only for its verbal excesses, some of which, to the general surprise, were afterwards echoed by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Indeed, no adequate sense of the change which had been wrought in the situation was to be discerned in the Unionist attitude till the second day of the debate, when a more conciliatory lead was unexpectedly given by Sir Edward Carson.

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YET the Prime Minister, speaking immediately after Mr. Long, had left no room for doubt that the Government were as anxious as ever to arrive at a friendly solution of the controversy. No "last word," he declared, would pass his lips while there remained the slightest chance of an agreement. Even the exclusion of Ulster was not explicitly barred, though from the general tenor of his argument on this subject it seemed clear that Mr. Asquith was looking rather to some such solution as that suggested by Sir Horace Plunkett—namely, the present inclusion of Ulster with an option of exclusion after a certain experimental term. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister frankly acknowledged the responsibility of the Government for the initiation of fresh suggestions, which he undertook to bring before the House "without unavoidable delay"—probably towards the end of next month.

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SIR EDWARD CARSON's speech was remarkable for its tone of friendliness in certain passages towards the Nationalist leader and for its advice to that statesman to try the effect of persuasion on Ulster. He declined, however, to give any pledge on behalf of his friends, whether in the event of an election or of any plan of exclusion, except, indeed, that in the latter case he would go over to Ulster and take counsel with his people. Later in the debate, Mr. Bonar Law, following Mr. Lloyd George, varied the warlike character of the greater part of his rhetoric by hinting at federalism as a possible way out. On behalf of the Nationalists, Mr. Redmond, in a speech of great power and persuasiveness, fully accepted the new situation which, as he said, had been created by the Prime Minister's statement. At the close, Mr. Long's amendment was rejected by 333 votes to 255.

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REVERTING to a precedent not invoked since the fall of the Melbourne Government in 1841 (an event, how-

ever, with which it had no connection) the Lords signalized their Debate on the Address by adopting it with the addition of the amendment which had been previously rejected by the Commons. Despite this futile challenge, the general tone and temper of the discussion were not unpromising. From Lord Lansdowne the Government drew an assurance that the Opposition were perfectly ready to consider, with an open mind, any proposals that might be formulated for a solution of the Home Rule problem on federal lines, while, at the close of the debate, Lord Curzon, in explaining that the Unionist demand was for an election on the Government scheme in its final shape, acknowledged that a perceptible advance had been made towards an understanding. No encouragement was held out by Ministers to the Unionist hope of an early election. Such a step, according to Lord Crewe, would reveal not only infirmity of purpose, but imbecility of intellect.

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AFTER a singularly perfunctory debate the Labor amendment (moved by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald), in which the Imperial Government were invited to veto the South Africa Indemnity Bill, was negatived by 214 votes to 50. No real attempt was made by Mr. Harcourt to meet Mr. MacDonald's point that by virtue of its prospective character, notably in prohibiting the return of the deported Labor leaders, the so-called Indemnity Bill had been transformed into a Bill of Attainder. On the other hand, the Colonial Secretary pressed the doctrine of unfettered colonial autonomy so far as to provoke some remonstrance even from the Unionist benches. British citizenship, he declared, was really a misnomer. It did not, in fact, exist. Nevertheless, the House generally may be said to have acted on the easy view expressed in Mr. Macallum Scott's epigram that the right to self-government confers a right to do wrong. Failing some unforeseen event, Mr. Harcourt announced his intention of placing no obstacle in the way of the Union Government's proposal.

* * *

THE event of the debate on martial law in the South African Legislative Assembly has been the intervention of Mr. Merriman. He has always cultivated independence with a bitter tongue, and on this occasion he seems to have scourged the Botha Government and the Labor leaders impartially. He defended the proclamation of martial law, but criticized the deportations. His reasons were highly individual. It was, he urged, a disservice to the Empire to turn the deported nine loose in the home country—an apt enough ironical answer after General Smuts's description of them. Further, he contended that they ought not to have been punished without some sort of trial. The effect of the speech was evidently considerable, at all events as an oratorical effort. Of Mr. Creswell's speech the censored cablegrams tell us little except that it was as long as General Smuts's, and, apparently, nearly as violent. He argued that the evidence for any conspiracy was the flimsiest since the days of Titus Oates, that the general strike was the response to the Government's own violence, and, finally, he stood loyally by the men whose private character General Smuts besmirched in their enforced absence.

* * *

FOLLOWING on the long-expected announcement of Lord Gladstone's impending resignation of the onerous post of Governor-General of South Africa, comes an interesting series of Ministerial changes and re-arrangements. In anticipation of his appointment to South Africa, Mr. Sydney Buxton retires from the Board of Trade, where his place has been taken by Mr. Burns,

who, in turn, makes way at the Local Government Board for the exercise of Mr. Herbert Samuel's fertile political intelligence and energy in administration. By Mr. Charles Hobhouse's appointment as Postmaster-General an opening is made for Mr. Masterman, whose promotion to Cabinet rank as Chancellor of the Duchy is no less well-earned than universally approved. Owing to these changes and to the appointment of Mr. Munro Ferguson to succeed Lord Denman as Governor-General of Australia, additional by-elections are now pending in Poplar, Bethnal Green, and Leith Burghs.

* * *

A BREATHLESS week in Balkan politics has ended with what seems to be a presage of peace. Sir Edward Grey desired that a joint note from all the Powers should impress on Turkey that the Concert intended to make its decision regarding the islands respected. Germany, however, is averse from the employment of force, and the note, if unanimous, seemed likely to be weak. The risk was a double disobedience, for Greece would not evacuate Albania if Turkey threatened her in the islands. How real the danger is was shown by a statement made this week by the Turkish Minister in Athens, to the effect that Turkey meant to re-take Chios and Mytilene, and to maintain her naval supremacy in the Aegean. Meanwhile, however, Greece, Servia, and Roumania have held a conclave, more or less under Russian auspices. It seems probable that some sort of alliance has resulted from it, and Roumania has informed Turkey that she would not be a disinterested spectator of a Graeco-Turkish war. How she would intervene is a mystery—presumably by keeping Bulgaria neutral. The problem about this alliance is its relation to Russian policy. Russia would like a humiliated Bulgaria to be included in it, and to direct it against Austria. The three Balkan Powers have their own views, and see the enemy at Sofia.

* * *

THE news of the Russian Premier's "resignation" may prove to be the prelude to a peculiarly reckless experiment in reaction. M. Kokovtsoff was certainly no Liberal, but neither was he an aggressive reactionary, and he bore no ill-will to the Duma. The "Manchester Guardian" tells a curious but only too probable story. M. Maklakoff, the violently reactionary Minister of the Interior, proposed to the Tsar that the Duma should be suppressed and a military dictatorship established, because of the alleged revival of the revolution, of which he submitted "evidence." In a surprise visit to the police headquarters, the Premier traced the nature of this evidence. All the "revolutionary" demonstrations in question had been organized by the police. Some of the heads of the police were thereupon dismissed or transferred, but evidently the Premier's triumph was short-lived. Fresh "evidence" has presumably been forthcoming. M. Goremykin, who succeeds him, is a weak and hesitating personality, whose feebleness was sufficiently displayed during the short life of the first Duma. Behind him, one fears, stands the stronger and more sinister personality of M. Maklakoff, who has his own programme, and is at no loss for the means to carry it out.

* * *

SWEDEN, passing through one of her periodic and only too natural panics on account of Russian designs, has this week seen a military crisis aggravated by a constitutional complication. The experts demand fortifications, a naval increase, and a lengthening of the conscript term of service. The great mass demonstration of peasants before the Royal Palace on Friday week shows that they have a considerable popular following, though the Socialists have also made an effective counter-demonstration among the town workmen. The King's speech to the

peasants was, without doubt, a deliberate challenge to the Liberal Staaf Ministry, which was resisting the experts, while willing to make some increase of armaments. The King definitely ranged himself with the experts, and denied, when challenged by the Cabinet, that the Constitution forbade him to express his personal opinion to "his" people. The contest was short and sharp, and has ended in the resignation of the Staaf Ministry. A Right-Wing Liberal, Baron Louis de Geer, has been charged with the formation of a new Ministry, but it remains to be seen whether an election can be avoided. Russian Liberals maintain that the armaments which alarm Sweden are in reality directed against Germany, but history shows that Russian Liberals are sometimes taken by surprise.

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THE discovery that highly placed officers in the Japanese Navy have received bribes from European contractors has led this week to rioting in Tokio, and to a formidable anti-armaments movement. To understand Japanese feeling, one must remember that the Navy is practically a monopoly of the Satsuma clan, and that the Premier, Admiral Yamamoto is himself a member of this clan. The whole clan, the whole Navy, and the whole "Liberal" Party are, in a sense, inculpated. The spark which fired the rioting was the action of the Diet in voting "confidence" in the Government by a considerable majority. Mass meetings were held in theatres and parks, and the mob tried to break down the doors of the Parliament House. Soldiers dispersed it without much difficulty, but the political effect remains. The Premier has already announced a reduction in the naval estimates for 1916. The plain fact is that Japan has been overwhelmed by her victories, and is forced to choose between famine and Empire.

* * *

WE learn from a trustworthy correspondent that China is faced by a peculiarly shameless claim from certain of the Great Powers. She spontaneously set aside a sum of £2,000,000 from the recent loan to meet claims by foreign subjects for damage done during the civil war. Following the recognized precedents, she stipulated that these claims should be confined to damage done by actual military operations. The British Government has proceeded on this basis, and its claim reaches the reasonable figure of £150,000. America has also acted fairly. Other Powers are, however, asking for compensation on such fantastic grounds as loss of wages caused by the commercial deadlock, debts owed by natives as individuals, and rents due for warehousing goods which were unsaleable during the revolution. The ugliest part of this story is that our Government is preparing to raise its claim by over a million if other Powers press their extortioante demands. The only proper course is a reference of the dispute to The Hague. The Drago Doctrine, if it meant anything, ought to protect China from forcible pressure for debt.

* * *

THE American Press has discovered an inconvenient fact about our Minister in Mexico, which suggests grave reflections on the discretion of our diplomatic service. Sir Lionel Carden, it seems, is interested in a big land development company in Mexico, in which Lord Cowdray is also a large holder. In a brief statement, Lord Cowdray admits the fact, but adds that the investment is of long standing, and is one among several which date from a time when Sir Lionel Carden was our Consul in Mexico. A professional Consul is, like a Minister, continually dealing with Governments such as that of Mexico over concessions of one kind and another. If he has himself a "stake in the country," he cannot act or think

with detachment. He will naturally prefer a ruler like Diaz or Huerta, who is friendly to the financial group in which he himself is interested. One assumes, in the first place, that Sir Lionel Carden's return to Mexico is now out of the question. But this instance of slack discipline in the diplomatic service ought to lead to a strong protest and a careful inquiry.

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As the result of a conference between Mr. Bowerman, acting on behalf of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress and the officials of the Master Builders' Association, there seems some prospect of a general settlement of the dispute which caused the lock-out in the building trade. The masters are willing to give up the enforcement of a penalty clause upon individual workers, on condition that satisfactory guarantees are given by the several Unions. They still persist, however, in their refusal to treat with the Building Industries Federation, and it is doubtful whether the Union leaders will throw over the Federation. Meanwhile, trouble is brewing in the coalfields of the North, by reason of the unsatisfactory wage offered by the Northumberland mineowners for surface labor. The minimum wage of 3s. a day for surface workers between the ages of 21 and 65 is certainly not to be described as "a living wage," especially when the average number of days worked per week is taken into consideration. The miners threaten another national strike unless the surface men can be brought within the scope of the Minimum Wage Act.

* * *

THE Dublin strike has ended in a victory for the employers. Last week Mr. Larkin advised his followers to sign any agreement presented to them as a condition of employment, though there is no doubt that he intends to renew the conflict at the first favorable opportunity. In High Wycombe, the struggle, now over two months old, for the principles of trade unionism, continues with increasing bitterness, and during the last week there has been some disorder. In Wiltshire, a strike has broken out among farm laborers, where it is stated that the wages are 2s. a day, and where the laborers are fighting for another sixpence. Unfortunately, there seems little hope that the laborers in almost the worst county in England can win their battle without far more help than they are likely to receive. But these recurrent strikes among the rural laborers are an encouraging sign.

* * *

THE Land Campaign provides piquant little personal incidents from time to time. Baron de Forest published a sort of Minority Report to the report of the Land Inquiry Committee, and, in illustrating his arguments, he stated that the site of the borough of Bootle was bought in 1724 for about £7,000. He added: "The most conservative estimate of the annual income of the Derby estate from this property to-day may safely be put at not less than £100,000. The capital value—having regard to the under-development of the greater part of the area—cannot be put at less than between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000." Lord Derby thought he would discredit this estimate by offering Baron de Forest the existing Derby property for a million and a-half, and Baron de Forest accepted the offer on the understanding that the property to be sold included the value of the property already realized. Lord Derby demurred, and twitted him with running away from his estimate; but, of course, the only question relevant to Baron de Forest's original statement is the question of the present value of the property originally bought for £7,000.

Politics and Affairs.

PEACE AT A PRICE.

THE effect of Mr. Asquith's speech in the Debate on the Address was to expose the game of Heads I win, and Tails you lose, which is at present being played, with some skill, by the Unionist Party. The Unionists denounce the Government for seeking to force the Home Rule Bill through Parliament without an appeal to the country, but when asked whether they would themselves accept an appeal to the country as final, they refuse to give any decided answer. There is nothing to show that if Mr. Asquith acceded to their request, and if he came back with the same majority, say, as at present, the position would be in any way altered. For all that we can see, things would be much as they were in the spring of 1910. A General Election had then been fought and won upon the position of the House of Lords. The Unionist contention was that it could not be accepted, and they succeeded ultimately in forcing another appeal to the people, which resulted in a maintenance of the relative position of parties without change. In both these appeals, but more particularly in the second, the question of Home Rule played a part, a point which was put by Mr. Asquith, with his usual lucidity, on Tuesday evening. At last, as the result of the second appeal, the Parliament Bill passed into law, and its fruits are now being garnered in the Bills for Welsh Disestablishment and Home Rule. But, once again, before the final stage is reached, the Unionist Party demand the verdict of the constituencies, and once again they refuse, in doing so, to give any guarantee that they would accept the verdict of the constituencies if it were to go against them. It is, in fact, the old game that has been played persistently ever since 1906. Every issue is to be made subject to a General Election. The Parliament Act is to be treated as a nullity. Whatever legislation is seriously opposed by the Unionist Party must be submitted to the country in an election *ad hoc*, and since an *ad hoc* election is never possible, since there are always multiple issues, it is always open to the Unionists to contend that the particular matter in dispute is not the one which the electors had before them. And so we get the infinite process. As Alice was to have jam to-morrow and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day, so a Liberal Bill is to be carried after the next General Election, but never after the last one. There is to be some future decision of the constituencies to which the Unionists will bow, but it is never any decision which has actually been given.

In yet another way the same game is being played. The Government are anxious for peace. Peace is defined by Mr. Asquith in the sense of a settlement of the Irish question which all parties would at the outset be willing to work so far as their best endeavors will carry them. Very well then, say the Unionists, propose your conditions of peace. Let us have your terms. But what is to follow? The Government are to produce an alternative to the present Home Rule measure which is to be in some way more favorable to Ulster. These terms having been produced, they are to be used to discredit the existing Home Rule Bill, while no guarantee what-

ever is offered that they will be accepted or even favorably considered. There is only one condition upon which the Government can produce alternative terms, and that is that it is understood from the outset that they are not to be used as a point in a game of this kind. Officially, the Government stand by their own scheme. The proposal which they produce will not be put forward by them as an improvement. It will be put forward by them as an alternative which Ulster may think more desirable than their scheme, and which they are willing to give, if the scheme as thus amended be accepted by all parties. If Unionists are seriously desirous of peace, they will not play their hand in such a way as to make it difficult for the Government to produce their proposals. They will decide beforehand to take these proposals and consider them in the spirit in which they are made. They will also be well advised if they take them, not as a minimum which can be extended by further bargaining, but as a firm offer neither to be increased nor diminished.

What are the possible terms of this offer? The Prime Minister used words with regard to the possible exclusion of Ulster which we think may have been misinterpreted in some quarters. We can hardly imagine the immediate exclusion of Ulster to be compatible with anything resembling the present Home Rule Bill. The inclusion of Ulster, with an option to leave on the basis of a plebiscite, would not, of course, involve so drastic a reconstruction, though we should imagine that if that option should ever be exercised, the legislative difficulties of meeting the case would be of a most serious character. But however that may be, the position of Ulster seems to us to be essentially a question for Ireland herself. We have seen no reason to think that Nationalist sentiment would accept any form of Home Rule that should not apply to Ireland as a whole. It would, we believe, prefer the indefinite delay of Home Rule as an alternative to the mutilation of Ireland; and, seeking as far as we can to look at this matter from the Ulster point of view, we should think that there were equally serious objections to any possible separation. For what is the Ulster contention? It is that the Protestant minority stands in grievous danger of oppression by the Catholic majority. But the Protestant minority is not confined to Ulster. It is scattered all over Ireland. Ulster is merely the focus of such political force as it possesses. Can Ulster, if it takes its fears seriously, consent to leave its co-religionists unprotected under the heel of this tyranny? It may be said that even with Ulster the Protestant party must always be in a minority. But there are minorities and minorities. All experience of the working of popular government goes to show that large minorities, and in particular concentrated and organized minorities, have in practice a very large share in the shaping of legislation and administration. It is just this organization, this concentration of force, which the presence of Ulster representatives in the Dublin Parliament can secure for the Irish Protestants. If, therefore, Ulster's anxieties are to be taken as seriously meant, her desertion of her Protestant co-religionists would imply a lack of chivalry which we fancy that Ulstermen would be the first to repudiate. The real underlying unity of Ireland per-

vaded the very challenges and retorts of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond.

Nor, again, do we think that matters are seriously advanced by the proposal to enlarge Home Rule, and make it part of a federal re-settlement of our Constitution. There is much to be said for the federal principle. We are inclined to grant that the concession of Home Rule to one part of the United Kingdom must eventually carry with it as a political consequence Home Rule for other parts of the United Kingdom—for Scotland first, and if for Scotland certainly for England, if not also for Wales. But to talk federalism at the present moment seems to us inopportune. Any proposal for a federal constitution would require most extensive and minute examination. Even if we suppose that Scotsmen have made up their minds not only to the fact that they want Home Rule, but to the kind of Home Rule that they require, and the form of constitution which will suit them, we are quite sure that Englishmen, so far from having made up their minds, have not even begun to think seriously upon the question. But one cannot approach the subject of English Home Rule without seeing that it must be entangled in all the existing problems of our Constitution. To mention two points only—the question would at once arise whether the English Home Rule Parliament would be a Two-Chamber or a One-Chamber Parliament, and whether it should be the Imperial Parliament minus the Scottish and Irish representatives, or an entirely new body, elected for English purposes alone. It is inconceivable that such questions should be threshed out at the moment of a crisis on the specific issue of Ireland, in such a way as to command the assent of the parties that are agreed in supporting the present Home Rule Bill. We may admit that the Constitution as it will be left by the passage of the Home Rule Bill into law, will be faulty in logic, and that its logical faults may entail practical inconveniences, but these faults and inconveniences we must deal with as we have dealt with similar defects that arise out of almost all constructive legislation. We must treat them in our traditional English fashion of facing each defect as it arises, and remedying every defect which in practice is found serious. This process will, we think, lead us step by step to Federalism, but if we wait till we get a scheme of Federalism complete from top to toe, we shall have to wait until all parties are agreed to be reasonable—a consummation which may be dated from the first year of the millennium.

There are, it appears to us, two real conditions for such a settlement of the Irish question as will do credit to the political sense of our nation. The first is that the Government should go to the utmost length in meeting the demands of Ulster that is compatible with a national Ireland; the second is that Ulster and Unionism generally should recognize that, whether in the form of this Bill or with those concessions which the Government is prepared to make, Home Rule will become law during the present session. The first of these conditions Mr. Asquith promised us shall be realized. We know that the Government are agreed on the matter, and we know that they will make the largest offer which they deem compatible

with the governing conditions. The second point is one which we trust may commend itself to those elements of sanity and public spirit which must exist in the rank and file of the Unionist Party, though, unfortunately, they have not of late years been conspicuous in its leadership.

THE NEW CURE FOR STRIKES.

ACTUATED by widely different motives, Liberal and Conservative politicians and publicists in this country have alike refused to censure the administration of martial law in South Africa. Conservatives openly approve this method of handling a strike, and glorify the strong man who renounces allegiance to the laws whenever they hamper the class interests which he identifies with the welfare of society. Liberals are naturally loath to criticize the actions of a Government which is their own creation, and are mostly content to disclaim all responsibility for the conduct of a self-governing Dominion. Under such circumstances it was unlikely that the endeavors of a Labor Party to bring home to Parliament its Imperial responsibilities would meet with much success.

But whatever views may be taken of the limits of Imperial responsibility, or the practicability of enforcing it, we cannot profess indifference regarding the actual occurrences in South Africa. Though for a time the rigorous censorship precluded us from hearing the case against the Government, that case is now formally set forth in the cabled reports of the Parliamentary debate at Capetown, the manifesto of the South African Labor Executive, and last, not least, in the text of the Act of Indemnity upon which the South African Government depends for a full condonation of its illegalities. There are, of course, two separable though related issues: the necessity for martial law, and the acts for which indemnity is claimed. We cannot seriously discuss the theory of a Syndicalist conspiracy, put forward on the flimsiest of evidence by General Smuts. It may well "pair" with the corresponding theory of a "capitalist conspiracy," according to which "the crisis was deliberately sought and prepared by the Government, in order, once and for all, to kill the labor movement by a *coup de main*." There is no evidence of such far-sighted contrivance on either side. What has happened can be explained on simpler principles. Last July's struggle left behind much soreness and suspicion among the workers. Instead of treading gently, the railway officials proceeded to court trouble by announcing a policy of retrenchment, and unsuccessfully concealing its dimensions. Taking this as a challenge, the railway workers adopted a menacing attitude, making demands which the Department in their turn interpreted as the prelude to a strike. The railway strike could evidently have been avoided if the Department had not decided to stand on its dignity in refusing full conference with the leaders. The railway strike, though naturally very inconvenient to the public, does not seem to have been attended by grave disorder, and the few sporadic acts of violence, multiplied *more Africano* in the intelligence supplied to the Boer Ministers, and handed on by them to Mr. Harcourt, were no part of the authorized strike

policy. A few violent speeches were made, but the accounts given by the "capitalist" press do not convey the notion of any serious and widespread alarm, until it was evoked by the calling up of the citizen forces preceding the proclamation of martial law.

But assuming that this view turns out incorrect, and that matters were in truth far graver, is the case for declaring martial law even yet made out? Suppose that rioting and violence upon a large scale might reasonably be anticipated, were the forces of the law inadequate to cope with the situation? Some days before the proclamation of martial law, the burgher commandoes had already been called out under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Ordinance, and the overwhelming force which they represented was already at the full disposal of the Government. Martial law brought into being no new force, it only enabled the Government to put the existing force to illegal uses, by arresting and imprisoning men upon evidence which would not procure conviction in a court of justice, or on charges which are unknown to the law, by depriving all citizens of their legal rights and liberties, and by robbing them of ordinary legal remedies. There is no proof of any situation demanding the application of this *dernier ressort*. Why, then, was recourse made to it? Probably, if one can judge from past lessons in South African history, because Ministers were seized with the familiar craving "to teach these people a lesson." This craving, bred of the arbitrary temper of a ruling caste, has been at the bottom of most mischief in South Africa. Usually directed against Kaffirs or Indians, or inferior races, it is equally available against inferior classes. And all manual workers are a definitely inferior class to the white master, whether he be a farmer or a mine-owner. The worst significance of this sinister episode is that it is on the part of the ruling class in South Africa, an open declaration of war against organized white labor. If the policy goes through unscathed and unrebuted, it means that, for the future, white workers in that country rank a little above Kaffirs as a subject people.

Corroboration of this view is furnished by the text of the Indemnity Act. The attention concentrated on the flagrant violation of fundamental rights of British subjects by the terms of the deportation has tended to conceal the magnitude of the other abuses of law and precedent. We need not allude again to the absence of that "state of war" or of rebellion, which has hitherto been the only admitted justification for martial law, or to the accepted test of such a state of war, the question whether or not the civil courts are sitting. Martial law is, of course, always likely to be abused in detail, but here we have in the Act of Indemnity itself a deliberate claim to novel abuses of a character which, if admitted, may eat into all normal processes of legislative, executive, and judicial government. For all limitations of time, and apparently of space, are repudiated by this Act. It claims to cover all actions done by the Executive during the days prior to the proclamation. It extends its powers in respect of the exclusion of deported persons beyond the period of martial law, superseding the common law for all time. Finally, in a section of Clause 2, it extends

the scope of indemnity beyond the areas actually placed under martial law. In a word, it is expressly drafted to cover all illegalities alleged to be done "in good faith" for the repression of the strike, whenever or wherever such illegalities have taken place.

But suppose all these strictures are valid, what right or power of interference does the Imperial Government possess? A self-governing Dominion must, we are told, be left to make and rectify its own mistakes, in all matters that are self-regarding and do not directly affect other parts of the Empire. We cannot, Mr. Harcourt urged, bestow responsible self-government and then intervene because something is done that we do not like. But his argument went further still. For if we understand its tenor, or at any rate its implications, we cannot attribute any real validity to the formal rights of reservation or of disallowance which the text of the Union Constitution leaves to the Imperial Government. Now, if for the future this is to be the accepted position, it were well to have an explicit declaration of the fact. If, notwithstanding the wording of the several instruments establishing and defining the Constitution of our self-governing Dominions, the general rights of reservation and of disallowance are, in effect, as null and void as the Royal Veto for acts of our own Imperial Legislature, it is right that this position should be made quite clear. There would then remain only such Imperial control over Dominion policy as was represented by the so-called Imperial Acts and by the reservation of certain other powers specially nominated in the Dominion Constitutions. But is there so little unity in the British Empire as this interpretation of the constitutional relations implies?

Though Mr. Ramsay MacDonald argued the constitutional case for a reservation of this Act, relying upon the express provisions of the South Africa Act, the feeling among Labor men in this country goes more deeply into the substance of the situation. They will recognize that the vital issues in the struggle between capital and labor are independent of all State boundaries and constitutional refinements, and that the virtual independence of South Africa will not prevent a "strong" Government in this country from drawing inspiration from the Boer policy should it be confronted by a similar situation. If any measure of success attend the earnest endeavors of Imperialists throughout the Empire to bring the Mother Country and the several Dominions into closer relations, not only for defence and trade, but for other purposes of a common civilization, the conduct or misconduct of the art of government in any of these federated States cannot be a matter of indifference to the others. If martial law can seem to crush a labor movement in South Africa, will not there be a strong temptation to try the same medicine for the same complaint elsewhere? Mr. Harcourt hardly seemed aware that what he was defending was not the substance of responsible self-government, but the negation of responsibility and the repudiation of the powers of government conferred under the Constitution. With his elaborate defence of the conduct of Lord Gladstone, we are in full agreement. The Governor-General could not exercise the nominal discretion with which he is

endowed upon his own responsibility. But unless it be explicitly determined that the general powers of reservation to which Mr. MacDonald appealed have no true meaning or validity, we cannot conceive a case more appropriate to their exercise than an Act to extend the right of arbitrary exercise of force by an executive in apparent contravention of the necessities of the situation.

THE WRONG WAY OUT.

If the quantity and quality of periodical literature published give any guide to the volume and seriousness of political interest, the present age stands high. It was said of Paris, during the French Revolution, that pamphlets which were formerly as unattractive as sermons suddenly became the most popular reading of the day. We have not quite reached this standard, but surely those who are apt to take a pessimistic view of their contemporaries hardly give their due significance to such facts as the demand for the volumes of the Home University Library and kindred publications, or the sale of the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee. Serious political and social thinking has been stimulated in all circles. During the last few years the old periodical reviews have been supplemented by "The Round Table," a careful, weighty, and responsible paper, and now, two more quarterlies have been launched—one, "The Political Quarterly," a paper reviewing affairs in a sober, academic spirit, and the other, Mr. Gibson Bowles's organ, "The Candid Quarterly Review," reflecting the independence and the general spirit of its founder. What strikes the reader in all the periodicals that are non-party is that whereas that term used at one time to stand for a more or less fixed, conventional, and semi-reactionary point of view, it now often denotes a real independence of the jealousies and suspicions of party and an outlook that is fresh and open-minded. Under our system, party provides the heat by which reforms are carried, but the light does not all come in at one window.

Mr. Bowles gives to his review the prepossessing title of "Candid," and the general subject of his reflections may be described as the darker side of the party system. With a great deal that he has to say we have no quarrel. We have contended more than once in these columns that the secret party fund, which is becoming an integral and recognized part of the political system, is a source of grave danger to our public life, and that a democratic party ought to insist on open and popular finance. If Mr. Gibson Bowles's information is correct, these funds have been enormously swollen of recent years on both sides, and the abuses and the dangers have grown in proportion. The only safeguard against these abuses and dangers is to have the party fund a public fund, and to let people who wish to subscribe for the support of this or that policy on its merits—and that is clearly quite a proper and laudable form of public spirit—do so openly. Again, in complaining of the sapping of the independence of Parliament, Mr. Bowles is dwelling on a theme that has often been discussed in these columns, and by Liberals elsewhere. That the Cabinet has too much power and the House of Commons too little, is the view of the majority of those who have thought about the matter at all.

But Mr. Bowles offers us in his opening article the

fatal and discredited remedy of reviving the power of the Crown. He is very angry with Mr. Asquith for his plain statement of fact that "The Royal Veto, then (he had been referring to the reign of Queen Elizabeth) and for long afterwards, an active and potent enemy of popular rights, is literally as dead as Queen Anne." Mr. Bowles marshals against this view precedents and instances from the reign of George the Third and William the Fourth, without apparently grasping the truth that those very precedents are so many arguments for the Prime Minister's contention. The Royal Veto is dead because that understanding is the only condition on which Parliamentary government can be carried on with success in this country. It is an instance of adaptation to environment. The position of the Sovereign is the result of the working of the Parliamentary system. We have only to picture the consequences of Mr. Gibson Bowles's policy of reviving the veto to see its mischiefs and dangers. The King, it is understood, may veto a policy. Thus in every keen controversy the King either vetoes or does not veto a policy. In every keen election, then, the King finds himself drawn into the fights of parties and factions. Here one candidate claims the support of the King because he has vetoed his opponent's policy; there the other because the policy has received the King's assent. The revival of this power, however moderate and discreet its use, would plunge England again into the old system from which she has been free for eighty years, the system of elections in which the King's colors became the colors of party. And as many political questions are largely class questions, it would not be long before the King's colors would be the colors of a class. Can any development be regarded with greater apprehension by those who have any regard for the dignity of the Crown, its place in public life, or the satisfactory and peaceful working of Parliamentary institutions?

The evils of our Parliamentary system are apparent enough, and Mr. Gibson Bowles sets them out as the result of a conspiracy, two centuries old, against the power of the Crown. That is one way of reading history. But there is another. Does anybody really think that the state of things when the government of England was in dispute between Parliament and George the Third is an encouragement to us to revert to that system? When was there less independence, less integrity, less control of any public kind, less of the sincerity and responsibility that Mr. Bowles is seeking? Parliament in its existing form has vices and weaknesses, but it is infinitely better than the Parliament of the days to which Mr. Gibson Bowles looks back. In so far as it has escaped from that system, it is, with all its faults, an admirable institution. In so far as it has vices, its vices are not due to the loss of the power of the Crown, and instead of diminishing, they would be aggravated and rendered infinitely more insidious by its revival. True statesmanship consists in appropriating the results of progress and advance, and correcting the anomalies and mischief that arise with the lapse of time. The true need of the day is the need of strengthening and improving the House of Commons, abating the power and claims of the party system, making it easier for independent men to reach

the House of Commons, and to serve the country when they find themselves there. The House of Commons should be able to discuss its business without the constant threat of a dissolution. Members ought not to be driven to the alternative of choice between two rival parties whenever they wish to declare their opinion on a single issue. Governments ought not to put themselves invariably in the position which Steele said was the position of the English Church. The Roman Church, he said, claimed that it was infallible: the English Church made the more modest claim that it was always right. A party cannot do without Whips, but it should not allow them to become drill sergeants. The House of Commons, in short, ought to have real authority and freedom. We wish that Mr. Gibson Bowles, instead of trying to set up a new barrier to popular government, would turn his ingenious mind to the problem of removing the barrier that now obstructs it.

THE OPENING DEBATE.

In spite of all the forecasts and speculations, there was nothing particularly dramatic about the great *coup* with which the Opposition opened the proceedings in the House of Commons on Tuesday. An amendment to the Address, demanding a general election and threatening civil war, was, after all, only a repetition in the House of a line of argument with which we have become familiar on Tory platforms during the recess.

What, indeed, is the real truth with regard to this "unprecedented situation"? What is unprecedented? The fact that for the very first time a Liberal Government is going to pass into law a first-class Liberal measure without interference. The Tories refuse to believe, until it is an accomplished fact, that such a thing is possible.

Mr. Long seemed ill at ease in the task allotted to him, and though he strained every nerve to keep up the dramatic note, he was only able to produce the well-worn arguments which have done service so often during the prolonged controversy. His leader, who sat by his side, had entered the House on the first day of the session without a whisper of a cheer from his Party. Throughout, indeed, there was not much enthusiasm, and the cheers seemed forced. The row of conscientious nonentities who occupy the front Opposition Bench seem to act as a permanent damper on the party. A new member who took his seat by my side, having singled out Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Chamberlain, asked me who all the rest were, and when I had told him, he seemed none the wiser. But right at the end of the bench, almost behind the Speaker's chair, there was a glint of pince-nez and a familiar knee, which told us that the Gifford Lecturer on Theism was present, an interested spectator, aloof, radiant in his isolation. The Craigs, the Wintertons, and the Kinloch-Cookes were, of course, in their places, ready to make their various inappropriate noises and interruptions whenever there was a chance.

From where I sit I can only see the *chevelure* of the occupants of the Government Bench, and that even is remarkable. But reflected in the faces of the Opposition one can observe the intense, undisguised, and impatient animosity with which Ministers are regarded, mixed with the ardent desire to oust them, which seems as distant from fulfilment as ever.

The Prime Minister was accused of levity, because, in his opening remarks, he dismissed some of Mr. Long's platitudes with a light touch and amusing comments. This was very improper. Had not the Opposition arranged that the occasion was one on which we were all to look desperate and glum? Try as they would, however, hardly anyone on either side succeeded.

We became attentive and interested when the Prime Minister, in the second part of his speech, announced his intention of producing, at a later stage, suggestions

for a possible settlement. His reference to the exclusion of Ulster, and to Sir Horace Plunket's scheme which had appeared in the "Times" that day, was rather mystifying. Liberals felt it was an immense concession that the Government should take the initiative in finding a way out for the Opposition; but exclusion is not entertained by anyone as a possible basis of agreement.

When the Prime Minister sat down, the Front Opposition Bench hurried off to put on their thinking caps and confer. I did not notice if the pince-nez accompanied them. I hope for their sakes it did. But the debate had to be kept up, and till ten o'clock, in a very thin House, various private members were urged to keep it going. The day ended with a fine though bitter fighting speech from Mr. Chamberlain. He was carried away by phrases of absurd exaggeration when he described "the long-drawn-out agony" in Ulster, "of which every day, and hour, and minute counts in blood and tears." The reports that come from some parts of the province show they are having the time of their lives.

Most of us went home that night feeling that any basis of settlement on Irish Home Rule was very remote. The proceedings on the following day did a little, though not very much, to modify that impression. Sir Edward Carson—who is now undoubtedly the leading figure on the Unionist side, and looks the part he is playing to the life—made an impressive speech, which contained passages of a rather unexpectedly conciliatory nature. He refused, however, to admit the good faith of the Prime Minister, and maintained that the attitude of the Government was a mere "manoeuvre for position." Both Mr. Redmond and Mr. Birrell scrupulously avoided the party controversial note, but Mr. Redmond dismissed the idea of the exclusion of any part of Ulster as impracticable. The concluding speeches were a very marked contrast. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was brief, conciliatory, and exceedingly effective. Mr. Bonar Law pounded away for an hour, contributing nothing, suggesting nothing, offering nothing, and at the same time doing a great deal to destroy the more favorable impression produced by the Ulster leader. The rather low Government majority was due to absences from illness, and the abstention of the O'Brienites.

Will anything come of all this? It is difficult to say. In the meantime, it must be remembered that the Government's proposal can only be considered if the House of Lords consent to give the Bill a second reading.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

Life and Letters.

FEMINISM AND SOCIALISM.

PASSION, prejudice, irrelevant interests, and brute obstinacy so powerfully beset the path of controversy in all vital issues as to drive the friends of reason almost to despair. This has seemed particularly true of the discussion of the group of theoretical and practical problems relating to the position of woman in modern society. One need not be a follower of Freud to recognize the secret, insidious, and often dominating influence of the sex emotion in most issues of personal and public conduct where it has any relevancy. As a lover is the proverbial fanatic, the whole-hearted irrationalist in judgment and in action, so it appears as if the smallest leaven of sex sentiment could paralyze the ordinary processes of valuation and reflection, distorting every piece of evidence, rejecting all accepted laws of probability, and substituting its own blind, devastating passion for the plain teachings of experience and the dominion of the reasonable will. The extremes of the feminist controversy furnish, indeed, a record in the modern annals of unreason. And yet it would be foolish to conclude that the controversy has been a mere display of contending passions. Though the gulf which separates sheer conservatism from the whole movement of feminism remains as unbridgeable as ever, the discussion of the grave issues which have perplexed and divided friends of reform

has been far more profitable. It is, we think, possible to recognize a body of tolerably settled judgments emerging from the controversial struggle, which may furnish a foundation for a reasonable feminist policy.

An excellent statement of many of these results is made by Miss B. L. Hutchins in a little volume entitled, "Conflicting Ideals: Two Sides of the Woman's Question" (Murby & Co.). The old ideal of the patriarchal family, in which the husband and father was the economic supporter of the family and the benevolent autocrat, she dismisses as an inaccurate image of a state of things which prevailed a generation or more ago among the upper-middle and the middle classes of England, but which no longer prevails even there, and has never been really applicable to the great mass of the working-class population. Taken at its best, this self-sufficing, monarchical family contained serious perils to the liberty and personality of its subordinate members; at its worst, it involved an immeasurable degradation and suffering, particularly for its adult woman members, married or unmarried. Devised in ages of social insecurity for securing physical protection to women and their offspring, it had become in later times an instrument of futile pride, personal tyranny, and social waste. An important element of truth, therefore, underlies the claims of what Miss Hutchins rightly calls the "Individualist Ideal," the demand that every girl who grows up to womanhood shall possess an education and full civil rights and economic opportunities adequate for self-maintenance, and a career independent of the family. Economic independence is, indeed, the key to all other liberties. Unless a woman is able to keep herself, she must live in servitude to some man, her father or her husband, or must be a burden upon society at large. Full access to education and to every avenue of employment upon equal terms with men, and the removal of all legal or other obstacles which impede this entrance, are, we take it, accepted doctrines in every school of Liberalism.

But this economic independence, even though justified by full civil and political rights, affords no easy or complete security for woman. Indeed, the excessive stress upon the assertion of free personality and complete liberty of individual career is a grave defect in some sections of the woman's movement. It sometimes seems to involve an antagonism to marriage and the necessary work of the home and the family, that threatens the very existence of society. The life of ordinary marriage and home-keeping is painted in such black colors as to deter women from entering what was formerly recognized as "their proper sphere." This avoidance of marriage appears to some the kernel of the feminist doctrine. But this is not really the case. It has been natural that this outcry for economic independence and a full personal career should be prominently blazoned on the banner of a movement which, in its intellectual and moral leadership, has been distinctively middle-class. For the failure of the patriarchal family in this class has been increasingly apparent. "Commercial losses or changes in the channels and methods of trade, ill-health, failure in character or ability of husband or father, or his early death, these and other causes leave women unprovided or inadequately provided for life, frequently faced with the fact that there is very little that they can do that will earn them a livelihood in open market." This, though no new trouble in our times, has grown in volume and intensity of suffering with the growing size of the middle class, the diminishing security of business, and the enlarged self-respect which education and a wider outlook upon life brings to the women of to-day. Such facts, taken in conjunction with the great excess of women over men in the middle classes, have been largely responsible for the prominence assigned to individual economic independence as a motto of feminism. But the individualist ideal, thus emphasized, cannot be taken as the richest and best fruit of feminism. So far as liberty to participate in all trades and professions on equal terms with men is concerned, the battle may almost be said to be won, at least so far as argument carries conviction. How far this liberty, even when most fully realized, will give satisfaction remains doubtful. For it may still be found that free

competition may continue to assign to men the great majority of occupations which are most lucrative, and that the difficulty of lifting the crowded employments of women on to a decent level of remuneration may remain unsolved.

But, as Miss Hutchins well realizes, the gravest problem lies, not in this work of economic liberation for independent women, important as that is, but in the better ordering of the life of women in the family. For in spite of all alarms and of all allurements to an absolutely independent career, most women will continue to choose the career of motherhood and home-making. So far as heredity has any weight and meaning, this must be so, for while the "individualists" of each generation die out, the "familists," or what used to be called "the womanly women"—or "men's women"—will be represented in the succeeding generation by their kind. For this, if for no other reason, the main stream of feminism must set towards the task of reforming the status of women within the family and home. The wife and mother must obtain a stronger legal and financial position in the structure of the family. And in considering this radical issue, it is primarily to the working-class family we must pay regard. Security for a regular income, sufficient to maintain in efficiency all members of the family, is the prime desideratum of reform, and the policy of a regular minimum wage is the chief present line of constructive policy. Since this policy is urged, not as a natural and inherent right of the male wage-earner, but as a means of providing for the health and general well-being of the family, it is clear that the wife and mother should have an equal voice with the husband and father in the disposition of the family resources. Nor should this be left to the notoriously defective safeguard of good feeling in the family. If the position of a wife and mother is to be effectively protected, an improved legal status must be assigned to her. As family needs become more clearly recognized to be the basis of remuneration of labor, the woman of the family must gain a legal right to protect the family against a squandering of its resources by the man. As her contribution to the upkeep of the family, though uncompensated in cash, is equal to his, so should her voice in the disposal of the family resources, and in the determination of all issues affecting the family, be equal to his.

With the difficulty of devising legal means of securing this right we are familiar. Miss Hutchins looks to the further development of public endowment upon the lines of the recent Maternity Insurance provisions as a likely method of advance. Others would favor the assignment to the wife, by legal enactment, or by marriage contract, of a definite control over the use of the family income. Critics can easily point out the flaws in such proposals. An unscrupulous or tyrannical man cannot easily be checked by legal interference in such closely personal and domestic matters. But this criticism is not really so damaging as it sounds. For the law, here as in other matters, does not entirely depend upon enforcement for its influence. The mere existence and general recognition of legal rights act as powerful social influences in securing a general conformity. The legal recognition of a married woman's right to her own property has had very salutary effects, though the spirit and even the letter may be not infrequently infringed. Able advocates of the cause of women are, therefore, right in their insistence upon strengthening the legal status of the wife and housekeeper. But, so far at any rate as the poorer classes are concerned, complete success is impossible so long as the social significance of the family is so feebly supported by the economic arrangements of the nation. "The root of the matter is that it is almost impossible to make any logical scheme or theory that will fit the woman and the young child exactly into a commercially organized society based on exchange values." We are disposed to think that, recognizing this truth, the general outcome of the feminist movement will be a great reinforcement of the Socialistic tendencies which insist on curbing the dominion of commerce and its exchange-values in the ordering of life. Thus it may come about that a force of intelligence and sentiment, which in its initial stage is directed mainly to claims of

self-development and personal freedom, will end in fortifying those powers of collective society which alone are adequate to guarantee political and economic liberties.

THE ALLUREMENTS OF SENTIMENT.

No one doubts that Sir Ernest Shackleton is a bold man. He has been near the South Pole. He has lectured to vast audiences. But of all his courageous acts, we doubt if any was bolder than the speech he made last Monday night to the Royal Geographical Society. Professor Edgeworth David, of Sydney University, had been lecturing—the same who accompanied the Shackleton Expedition, climbed Mount Erebus, and discovered the South Magnetic Pole. Protesting, as a scientific Professor may, against the criticism that the proposed trans-Antarctic expedition would have no definite or scientific result, he dwelt especially upon Dr. Bruce's discovery of a coalfield in the Antarctic, the enormous scientific and commercial importance of which had not been realized. He said it very likely contained as much coal as all the unworked coalfields in Great Britain. It was in all probability one of the largest unworked coalfields in the world. Its extent was at present unknown, but its geological age would be estimated from the fossils brought back by the Scott Expedition. The lecturer went on to say that it was almost certain that gold would be found as well, and that, during the four or five weeks of thaw, it could be worked in comparative comfort, as in Alaska. Finally, he threw in a few encouraging words about the presence of copper, antimony, and molybdenite. Whereupon we may suppose a large part of the audience eagerly resolved to obtain concessions from the penguins, to promote Antarctic Mining Companies in the City, and to arrange a supply of contract labor from Tierra del Fuego.

These roseate hues of early gain, the brightness of the evening, how fast they faded away under the disillusionment of Sir Ernest Shackleton's own subsequent speech! He ascended into very thin air, uncomfortably high above the coalfield level. He said the main object of the coming expedition was simply to cross the South Polar continent from sea to sea. He admitted it was "spectacular." He said they were simply out to do something that had not been done before. He said their object might not even be called scientific. "There is sentiment attached to it," he cried, and then he ventured upon the sentence which, to our mind, proves his courage more definitely than all his other exploits. "Sentiment," he said, "has been the ruling force in every great work that has ever been done." There was a blow to Utilitarians with an eye on prospectuses! Not a word about coal or gold, not a hint at copper, antimony, or molybdenite! It is true, he threw in a mention of four geologists who were going. He even offered to take as many geologists as they liked, if people would find £30,000 or £40,000 more, and there is no question about the general utility of geologists. But sentiment! Who is going to promote a "Company for the Exploitation of Antarctic Sentiment"? No concession to prospect for sentiment has ever yet been sought from man or penguin. Neither by slave labor nor by free has that "ruling force in every great work" ever yet been dug.

And yet the stuff called "Sentiment" has an interesting history, and from fossil specimens brought to their notice, philologists can tell the historical date of its deposits. The Antarctic Continent itself has seen better days, for at some period or other it must have been covered with an age-long growth of vegetation that is now likely to re-appear as coal, with quotations in the City. And in like manner the word Sentiment has also seen better days. In the familiar quotation from a typical electioneering speech—"Them's my sentiments, and if you don't like 'em, I'll change 'em"—the prospective Member of Parliament evidently implied that his sentiments were good things though variable; just as a bootmaker calls a pair of boots "goods," though he offers to change them if they don't fit. Or again, when in an old-fashioned dinner-party the host called upon

Mr. Hodgson for "a song or a sentiment," and Mr. Hodgson rose, blushing, and murmured, "Her prentice han' she tried on man, And then she made the lasses, O'. Gentlemen, the Ladies, God bless 'em!"—even then we must assume that a sentiment was regarded as a thing of recognized value, or Mr. Hodgson would not have been asked to share it with the company. So also when, in a well-defined period of our literature, we read that Mr. Lovelace entertained a tender sentiment for Clarissa, we know that the words stand as synonymous for "amatory attraction," and so had some distant relationship with what we now call love. And love can hardly be described as bad, since it possesses a universal quality; as may be seen from the words of a maritime poet: "Oh, love, love, love, 'tis a very funny thing, For it cat... the young and old."

Yet, we fear, it is to this connection with "melting emotions" that the word Sentiment owes its gradual decline. The unhappy union produced a degenerate issue called Sentimentality, and the common world, always careless of titles and patronymics, has confused the parent with the progeny, and speaks of them as the same flesh. "Sentimental," the natural adjective from sentiment, started fairly well, indeed. It was applied to thoughtful, refined, or elevated moods, and the Sentimental Traveller was no fool. A shadow of its old reputation still lingers in the phrase, "sentimental grievances," commonly applied to ideal or spiritual wrongs, not involving the loss of sixpence. But since the Briton, and especially the British politician, by nature distrusts every thoughtful, refined, or elevated mood, and cannot admit the reality of a grievance for which nobody seems one literal penny the worse, the adjective has come to be used entirely in derision, and to say that the grievances of Ireland or of women are "merely sentimental" is thought equivalent to saying that the grievances do not exist, or need not be removed, or are rather good for the sufferers than otherwise.

So it comes that our national obtuseness to spiritual things, or to thought tinged with emotion, has dragged a word of decent reputation into the mud of general laughter. The words "Sentimentalist" and "Sentimentality," though next of kin, seem never to have had a chance from the beginning. We suppose them to be new words in the language, perhaps not much more than a century old. From the very outset, our greatest writers seem to have surrounded them with a mawkish atmosphere of rose-pink unreality and melancholic vapors. Carlyle laughed them to scorn. George Meredith, throughout his works, but especially in "Diana" and "Sandra Belloni," exposed the falsity and tiresome half-heartedness always concealed in them, and contrasted their feeble sensibilities with the splendid lightning of passion. When we contemplate the sugary mess in which these unhappy words have always been involved, and remember that common use no longer discriminates between them and their parent, but has dragged the whole family down into squalid degradation, so that the old word Sentiment now implies either a falsity of emotion or an incapacity for producing sixpence—then, as we said, we may call Sir Ernest Shackleton bold.

"Sentiment has been the ruling force in every great work that has ever been done." What a shattering blow to the race which prides itself on its businesslike habits and freedom from sentiment! Has no great work been accomplished, then, in the records of British history? Are we, who have been called "The Blood," and "God's own Gentlemen," and all manner of nice things, to be excluded for ever from greatness? It is not to be thought of. Surely there must be a mistake somewhere! Perhaps the mistake lies in the meaning of that very word, "Sentiment." We look it up in the great dictionary, and in not very ancient times we find it was still used for "Thought colored by emotion or prompted by passion." Even nearer our own day, we find "Emotional regard to ideal considerations as a principle of action or judgment." This meaning is supported by a quotation from Froude's "Oceana":—

"A nation with whom sentiment is nothing, is on the way to cease to be a nation at all."

That was written thirty years ago, it is true, and the word has declined in honor since then, chiefly owing to the growth of gold mines and other Imperialist developments. But still, Froude actually wrote that sentence within living memory, and Froude was a master of words, if not of facts. Does it not seem likely that Sir Ernest Shackleton had much the same meaning in mind? For him, too, perhaps, the word "sentiment" implied "an emotional regard to ideal considerations as a principle of action or judgment." Such an emotional regard to ideal considerations, he may have meant, has been the ruling force in every great work. That is, certainly, no comfort to the promoters of Antarctic Coalfield Companies. Such sentiment may very likely not bring in sixpence, and anyone who possesses it will most probably not be one penny the better. Nor is it a comfort to diligent cultivators of feeling's finer shades. There is nothing tender, melting, or refined about it. The word becomes almost identical with passion, or even greater, because the thoughtful element of ideal considerations is added. Perhaps, after all, the explorer may have been right as well as bold. Is it not passionate thought, prompted by ideal considerations, that has accomplished all the great deeds of history and the present world? Joan of Arc setting out barefoot to crown a king, Byron giving life and all to deliver Greece, Florence Nightingale starting for Scutari, Livingstone turning back from the rest and safety of the coast to escort a few natives to their distant home, Garibaldi landing in Sicily with his Thousand—it was passionate thought, prompted by ideal considerations, that inspired them all, and accomplished their great works. To the credit of mankind, one could instance plenty more. All the great pages of history abound with examples. Sentiment, in this meaning, is the exact opposite of the Prudence which Blake described as a rich, ugly, old maid, courted by Incapacity. Between Prudence and Sentiment there is perpetual war, and the one thing that all the followers of passionate thought have in common is that from the beginning they have been despised, condemned, hated, reviled, and mocked by the immense hosts who cling to Prudence and are out for the sixpenny gain.

Yet when we speak of the immense hosts of Prudence, perhaps we wrong mankind. "Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death," said Carlyle, "are the allurements that act on the heart of man." "Fame, sete, marcie forzate, battaglie, e morte," cried Garibaldi, in well-known words, as he called on his men to follow him from Rome; "I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death." Those, then, are the sentimental allurements that lead men on to the accomplishment of great works. Whether the people who pricked up their ears at the mention of Antarctic coalfields and goldmines would be pleased or irritated at being thus excluded for ever from the lean and hungry armies of sentiment, we cannot stop to inquire. There is no help for it. Such greatness as comes of manipulating the exploitation of coal, gold, copper, antimony, and molybdenite, does not fall within the meaning of the great works of which the explorer said that sentiment has always been their ruling force.

LEARNED LAUGHTER.

THE man who shrinks from parties in his life will lack partisans when he is dead. It is the coldness and elusiveness of the part which Erasmus played in the storms and warfares of his century, which explain the slender hold which he has always had upon the gratitude and wonder of posterity. If that grace of style, that weight of learning, that acuteness of observation and reflection had been employed with decision on one side or the other of the Reformation controversy, the half of Europe would have venerated him to-day among its makers and its founders. But mankind is apt to find lukewarmness as little pardonable in the great dead as it thinks it unintelligible in the living. His contemporaries missed the clue to the real thinking of Erasmus, and posterity is content that a few scholars shall hunt for it. For what matters to-day a thought that neither

made rebellion, nor stayed it, but hovered critical and hesitating over a movement which was shattering Churches and shaking kingdoms? How much of this aloofness was timidity and love of ease? The modern biographer describes for us a self-indulgent scholar, whose labors alternated with an abundant luxury, and whose independence of mind was a pinnacle upon a shamelessly parasitic existence. The passionate romance of Erasmus's birth ends where "The Cloister and the Hearth" has left it. The career of the child of Margaret and Gerard was rather dazzling than romantic. It is so easy not to love this successful and prudent scholar, that one may too readily fall into an injustice of misunderstanding. It was at bottom neither cowardice nor luxury which kept this sceptical scholar aloof from the Reformation. Who can doubt, who reads his freer pages to-day, that this rationalist mind with its formidable negative power belonged rather to the next century than to his own? If he turned from the decaying dogmatism of Rome, was that a reason why he should ally himself with the vigorous dogmatism of Augsburg? The new authority, with its young self-confidence, its intensity of belief, its readiness to back its dogmas with arms, was a danger more formidable for the future than the old orthodoxy which had lost internal conviction, and could be stirred to reality only by combat.

The real Erasmus survives in spite of the neglect of partisans, and in one book at least enjoys immortality. "The Praise of Folly" has never wanted readers, and the reprint of John Wilson's spirited version in seventeenth-century English will add many to their number (Clarendon Press). It is the masterpiece of learned laughter. There is nothing among scholars' jokes to rival or approach it. With all its dazzling parade of reading and erudition, how fresh, how concrete, how merry and spontaneous it is! Erasmus wrote it in More's house while he was waiting for his books to follow him to England. How oddly that little touch of vanity rings! There are books which were written, one loves to remember, in the open air, among the scent of pinewoods and new-mown hay. There are books which were written in prison-cells. But this little classic ought to have had its birth in a library among shelves well-laden with the work of Aldus. The other detail, that Erasmus was suffering from an attack of lumbago, which for seven laborious days kept him within doors, sounds only one degree more improbable. For the book sparkles with high spirits, and dances with spontaneous fun. The illusion is more than a literary trick. We think with difficulty of the sober and erudite Erasmus polishing his Latin periods at a desk. It is some young Folly, with quick eyes and vine-leaves in her hair, who addresses us in its pages, and lures us forward with an irresistible coquetry. Her paradoxes and quips are, indeed, so infectious that it is with something of a shock that we find ourselves listening midway to the bitter and purposeful satire in which Erasmus the humanist scourges scholars and theologians, priests, bishops, and popes. The little book is unique in the literature of satire. If the fierce invective of its later tirades follows strangely on the lightness and grace of the opening, odder still is the transition from the daring and even blasphemous jokes of the latter pages to the strangely moving homily towards the end. Here is the whole man. It is no play, no literary exercise. In humor and in anger, in audacity and in appeal, he gives us his enigmatic self. Like all great humorists, his smile is a mask. From a certain interior shyness, a shrinking from his own deep feeling, he writes lightly while he can, and the revelation comes in spite of himself.

There is a whole commentary on life in this graceful play of a scholar's fun. The praise of folly is not all paradox. Erasmus has come to Ibson's conclusion in "The Wild Duck." Mankind lives by illusions, and the man who has been robbed of them is useless to others and himself. It is not his manner to say this tragically. It bubbles out in his most humorous and extravagant pages. How cogently does folly boast that she is the chief benefactor of men! Where were friendship or love without her? What friend is not blind to the failings of his comrade? "What divorces would daily happen, were

not the converse between a man and his wife daily supported and cherished by flattery, apishnesse, gentlenesse, ignorance, dissembling, certain Retainers of mine also!" It is "the small relish of folly" which sweetens the intercourse of men, and "makes peoples endure their governors, soldiers their commanders, and wives their husbands." What, again, is more foolish than for a man to make himself the object of his own admiration? Yet a man must flatter himself before he can command himself to others. "Take away this salt of life, and the Orator may even sit still with his action, the Musician with all his division will be able to please no man, the Player be hist off the stage, the Poet and all his muses ridiculous, the Painter with his art contemptible, and the Physitian with all his slip-slops go a-begging." It is, indeed, the very foundation of society that "no man's ashamed of his own face, no man of his own wit . . . nor any man of his own country," and the Scythian has no desire to change his home for the Fortunate Islands.

In this genial strain does Folly proceed to sound her own praises. She is the source of these life-illusions, of which Relling talked in Ibsen's play. From her comes self-love, from her too the flattery which "makes every man the more jocund and acceptable to himself, which is the chiefest point of felicity." She will not allow that it is a sad thing to be mistaken. The madman in Horace was not the harmless play-goer who would sit in an empty theatre and applaud a silent stage, but the friend who gave him hellebore. The joke runs on delightfully through long pages of learned illustration. We do not doubt what Erasmus means. He is talking the deep wisdom of a man with a long experience behind him. It is the very young man who scorns illusions. The philosopher knows that they are the bread of life. The real bewilderment of this audacious book comes at the end. When Erasmus begins to quote Holy Writ, he is certainly joking. Folly quoting texts from both Testaments, expounding Hebrew roots, and twisting a phrase from its context, gives a delicious if daring parody of the conventional theologian. She goes to work like a monk making gargoyles, when she reminds us that the Mystery of Salvation was concealed from the wise but "revealed to babes and sucklings, that is to say, Fools." It is sheer riotous fun which wrote the page on the beasts of the New Testament, and pointed out, for example, that "such as are destined to eternal life are called sheep, than which creature there is not anything more foolish." But as one reads further, the decidedly blasphemous mirth sobers into something deeper. Erasmus took his own way of preaching a sermon. He had lashed the pedants. He had chastened the persecutors. He had laughed at the bishops and the popes. He came in the end to his own gospel of simplicity, and in his own way he expounded it. The jokes have all subsided when he comes to write of Fasts and the Eucharist. He must needs reach sincerity through an unconventional path. The old ways were all encumbered. But reach it he certainly did. There is a dangerous explosive in his learned laughter. But visibly it was blasting a new road.

WEALTH AND LIFE.

VIII.—INDUSTRY.

NEEDLESS to say, the theory of work, outlined in the preceding articles, represents the ideal rather than the actual process; the underlying intention, the general trend, of work, rather than existent workaday conditions. It would not, for instance, enable us to draw up in detail an absolute scale of wages, profits, or rewards, if for no other reason than because it includes those incalculable, or unquantitative, factors which could never be accurately translated into money payments. The shame that is felt in giving or receiving money for some of the finer and more honorable kinds of work is perfectly sound in origin. It betokens a *suppressio veri*, a bogus money valuation of the invaluable. The ultimate valuation of work, like any other dealing with life—like statesmanship, like doctoring, like living, indeed—would be not a science, but an art; over and

above calculation, it would call into play imagination and intuition. We cannot compute in figures the precise giving of life in work, nor yet the gain of life from it.

Nor is there any need to try. As well teach the refinements of cooking and nutrition to a girl who will never have much more than a frying pan to use, or discuss harmony, counterpoint and the sonata form in order to play tomtoms. For, practically speaking, the niceties of work and its valuation are not in question while the work-process, though marvellous enough in some of its results, is so crudely carried out, both from an individual and from a collective, or racial, point of view, that many take no share in humanity's work, except to squander the products of it, and many more lack the opportunity of working, or fitness to do it; while wealth, the means of life, is distributed with an extreme inequality, and the fulness of the civilization that humanity has achieved is the privilege, mostly misused, of only a few; while plenty and sheer starvation are cheek by jowl everywhere, and, worse still, are largely accepted as normal. So long as not even physical life is provided for, the refinements of work and its reward can have no great immediacy.

But they have to be borne in mind. The revaluation of work and men, however rough and approximate, needs none the less to be made on a sound basis. Far more trouble in social affairs arises from arguing rightly on wrong or incomplete premisses, than from arguing wrongly on right premisses, since in the former case the start is wrong and everything that follows. If we cannot tell to a shilling how much the productive work of Phil Garlick is worth, and how much the efforts of Lord Dunfunkum, as a landowner and as director of the Deadly Armaments Co., for the more efficient destruction of life and wealth, at least it is important to know why Lord Dunfunkum is not worth ten thousand times Phil Garlick; otherwise (and in view of the trouble of doing it), if we add a shilling a week to the wages of the one, and tax the other a further £20 a year, we may be tempted to think that, after so characteristic a piece of political Social Reform, all will be well in the best of possible worlds. If, again, we cannot say when the giving and gaining of life in work just balance one another, or what precisely the normal life-increment should be, at least we can better appreciate the gravity of the situation when we observe not only that the increment of life obtained by the fortunate varies enormously, but that whole classes of workers are plainly and grievously the victims of a heavy balance on the wrong side; for it means nothing less than that such victims are racially on the downgrade. And if our theory helps us to criticize the defects of society from a wider and more effective standpoint, to understand better the gravamen of the workers' complaint, and perhaps to foresee a way out of the mess of fundamental injustices into which we have drifted, or at any rate to avoid blind tracks; if, in short, it serves rather as a guide than as a measure—that, surely, is sufficient. The breadth of a generalization cannot have the detailed exactitude of a formula.

Without, then, going into the subtleties and borderland of work, let us drive, so to speak, a median line through the work-process. It happens, since we have become an industrial society, that such a line corresponds pretty closely with the concentration and organization of work in industrialism, which again, in itself, exhibits some of the most striking triumphs and the worst abuses of human effort. The dull monotony of modern specialized work has frequently been lamented—for ever sewing on buttons or wrapping tin-foil round chocolates,—but it seems to have escaped notice how entirely work, at all events in the lower ranks of industry, has come to be regarded not as a normal and congenial human activity, but as a disagreeable necessity. We can therefore pass over the complications of how far industrial labor is its own reward.

If the creation of wealth were the sole and sufficient object of work, it cannot be denied that industrialism has been brilliantly successful, in spite of the wastage of its forces and products in mere internal competition, and the worse than uselessness of much that it produces.

The accumulated wealth and the yearly wealth production of industrial nations have enormously increased, to say nothing of that portion of their wealth which is expressible as capital and income. It would be useless to quote figures, except as a rough indication, since a large amount of *real* wealth, like a large amount of work, is unmarketable or never comes into the market; and money represents only the exchange value of wealth; whereas the *real* wealth—that is to say, the life-sustaining content—of a loaf of bread, for example, is the same whether its exchange value is twopence-halfpenny or fivepence. Few things convey a better idea of wealth production, of the immense productiveness of work, than the huge, complex and growing distributive system which (though with difficulty) it supports; the amount of capital and energy devoted to transport and the commercial manipulation of wealth; the multitude of transport workers and distributors, living ultimately on production, but withdrawn from contributing to it. The primary producer, in fact, is like a man bearing on his shoulders a gigantic inverted pyramid of trade. Although, up to the present, the industrial nations have mainly occupied themselves with working up the raw or primary products which they have drawn cheaply from the ends of the earth, now, owing to scientific advances in farming, intensive culture, pedigree seeds and the like, it is certain that, with the improved methods available and with improved organization, less than the old estimate of four or five hours' work a day on the part of all would suffice to provide the whole population not only with the primary needs of life, but with far more comforts and amenities than the great majority have yet any chance of enjoying. That, of course, is Utopian. But it is true that hitherto we have been so preoccupied with subsidiary production and with competition that we have failed to realize the potential wealth of the earth and life; and it is true also that as the exploitable areas and peoples of the earth diminish, we shall be forced to pay much more attention to the production of raw materials and primary necessities. Even now it is beginning to be the case.

Modern industry springs from the utilization of exterior energy, the transformation of latent into usefully active energy—in the main, from the steam engine. Essentially, it is a vast and rapid development of the use of tools; a development so sudden and in many respects so wonderful that it outgrew the capacity of society to absorb it, ran away with the bit between its teeth, and instead of being subordinated in its turn to the use of society, changed society into an industrialism. It might have been a good servant; it became a bad master. We are almost helpless in its clutches; as helpless as the slaves of Samuel Butler's machines; and all our efforts, so far, to abolish its inherent evils have scarcely done more than make it somewhat less uncomfortable to live with.

For industry went further than developing the use of tools. The distinguishing mark of industrialism, and the source of most of its evils, is this: that on a large scale it made tools of men. As things stood, it was almost inevitable. The land reformers, who attribute all social evils to the present private ownership of land, in face of the far more predatory operations of companies, combines and trusts, would probably be entirely right if they harked back to the past private ownership of land. Industry did not have a fair and level start; its racers were subject to a handicap in which the weakest found themselves placed hindmost. It was grafted upon feudalism. Already there was in existence a landed class which, as of right, assumed power and skimmed the cream off wealth production; and a working class which conceded both more willingly, if less extensively, than to-day. It was not an abrupt transition to a capitalist class which would heighten the profits and shed the responsibilities of land owning. Dispossessed of their commons and holdings by Enclosures Acts which may have been in part for the improvement of farming, but which were, in fact, legalized robbery; denied the means of a rural development commensurate with that of industry; lured by slightly higher wages; driven by the hunger and stagnation of the countryside; ignorant of

what was afoot, the peasantry flocked into abominable manufacturing towns, there to multiply beyond the employment available. They sold themselves as tools for bread, and tools they became. Their work became not a co-operation but a commodity, marketable like any other instrument of production, and largely (for industrial purposes) they themselves became fit only to be the tools of those with a wider industrial intelligence and more business initiative.

It may be objected that to organize (as industry needed organizing) is necessarily to make tools of the lower grades of workers. Not so. There is a root difference between voluntary adherence to a free organization and compulsory subordination to an organization, the organizers of which stand principally to profit. In the one case initiative fulfils itself; life gains. In the other case, initiative is thwarted or extinguished, and life loses.

No matter how industrialism may be mollified, no matter how it may be gilded with the illusion of liberty, the status of the worker remains that of a tool. Wage-slave he is often called, but tool is more descriptive; for slaves were the chattels of their masters, directly driven by them, whereas the human tool is driven by an economic pressure—and a legal pressure, too—of which the employer takes advantage, as industry with its tools takes advantage of non-living energy. The mendacious stupidity of regarding the worker as a free and independent agent could never be maintained but that so much self-interest is bound up with it. First and foremost, the human tool has to live. Industrialism comes down on him like a desert brigand: "You will work on my terms, or be left to die." He can make himself troublesome, but not effectively. He is like a child that must go to bed when it is told but may choose which doll to take with it. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Not all the efforts of organized labor have succeeded in raising real wages. They never substantially will do so, as long as the workers remain tools: the most organized tool can only do what tools can. Capital, on the whole, has been gaining ground.

It has been pointed out that the real wage of the working classes tends to approximate to subsistence level, whatever the current standard of subsistence may be. As a matter of fact, it tends to keep *below* the real subsistence level. Life makes up the remainder. For the human tool has for its employer one outstanding advantage over the machine. It can be worked above its load. The machine represents capital cost and upkeep. Worn out, it must be replaced at a fresh capital cost. But the human tool represents only upkeep; worn out, it replaces itself; life replaces it. As working men most bitterly remark: "We breeds ourselves for 'em, don't us, and bears the cost of it!" Too often, indeed, breeding has been about the only pleasure, only intensification of life, within their means.

Thus industrialism, by making tools of men, prostituted life's creativeness to gain, filched life itself from the worker, betrayed and nullified the impulse towards life. It could not be done with impunity.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

The Drama.

A NEW FAIRY CONVENTION.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream." At the Savoy Theatre.

Theseus	BALIOL HOLLOWAY.	Helena	LILLAH McCARTHY.
Demetrius	GUY RATHBONE.	Oberon	DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.
Lysander	E. ION SWINLEY.	Titania	CHRISTINE SILVER.
Bottom	NIGEL PLAYFAIR.	Puck	DONALD CALTHROP.
Hermia	LAURA COWIE.		

It required an effort to think of the Midsummer Night's Dream without Mendelssohn's music. To us and our fathers it has been what Cruikshank's illustrations are to Dickens. In its grace and its vivacity, its smoothness and its utterly un-Shakespearean perfection of form, it had fettered our imagination, and dominated the play itself. From childhood, our fancy has tripped to that tune at the mention of Oberon or Puck. It is to that

measure that we have always journeyed to fairyland, and to its rhythm our loyalties and beliefs have learned to move. There has been a revolution in Oberon's Kingdom. Some blasting Nihilistic force of futurism has gone rioting among the elves. Puck has ceased to be pretty, and Mendelssohn has been expelled. The politics of fairyland are evidently an elaborate and complicated business. It is not a simple reaction which has sent the fairies back to a simplified and archaic music which is as nearly Elizabethan as one may expect from the caprice of an elfish master. There has been, we should judge, an invasion of Russian spirits, and fashion, by some royal whim, has gone gathering costumes and tiaras in the East.

In plain words, if we must come back from the haunted woods of Athens to the stage of the Savoy, Mr. Granville Barker has boldly discarded Mid-Victorian romance, and in thinking out his decorative problem, he has not been content to attempt to revive the archaic. He has created a new fairy convention, and a singularly gracious and beautiful convention it is. It appeals to ear and eye alike by an economy in its effects, which is simple without the crudity and parsimony of a pedant's attempt to be consistently archaic. A few bars of what the Elizabethans would have called a "flourish" on the trumpets took the place of Mendelssohn's overture. Painted cloths were substituted for "scenery," with a result that delighted the eye, and rather assisted than spoiled the stage-illusion. It was not all gain, indeed. Mr. Cecil Sharp's simple and archaic music was wholly successful in the monotonous, old-world dances, but it missed an opportunity in the formless and unmelodious setting of "Spotted Snakes." But the really daring innovation was the fancy which clad the fairies, from their fantastic headgear to their gliding feet, in costumes of old gold. It made a rich pageant when they marched across the stage in a glittering procession. It softened to the likeness of a shimmering cob-web when they danced around their knoll. It gave them an elusive unreality when they mingled, invisible, among the parti-colored mortals. It was an original and wholly successful attempt to achieve romance without convention, and, for our part, we have only one reserve to make about it. We confess that we resented the austere consistency of the decorative artist who insisted on gilding the fairies' faces.

The "Dream" is a whimsical pageant, and the chief demand which it makes upon most of the actors is that they shall speak their lines with musical grace. The archaic music, the rich simplicity of the costumes, and the harmonious coloring of the scenery were all in their favor. Upon this background the imagination could move freely. The four Athenian lovers, one must confess, come perilously near to being bores, whether one reads the play or listens to it. But Lysander and Hermia spoke their lines with an appreciation of their rhythm which is rare on the modern stage, and it was a delight to watch Helena's movements. The unforgettable pleasure of this performance was the elocution of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry as the golden Oberon. His voice has a rare timbre, which flatters the ear and haunts the memory, and he knows how to subdue it to a distant and unearthly beauty like the tone of a muted viola. Mr. Nigel Playfair was a spirited and duly assertive Bottom, who improved somewhat upon tradition by doing full justice to the weaver's bumptious intelligence. The really significant departure from the prettiness of Mid-Victorian convention was, however, the Puck of Mr. Donald Calthrop. Shakespeare's Puck is no romantic invention like Ariel. He is a genuine rustic hobgoblin, an authentic fragment of Warwickshire folk-lore, a crude, deliberate patch of ugliness in a fairy play, and in this spirit he was acted. With his yellow wig, scarlet dress, and antic motions he seemed something sinister and alien among the golden elves of Oberon's court, and Mr. Calthrop carried out this conception in his elaborately harsh elocution. The "Dream" is not a wholly pleasant play. There is the usual Shakespearean strain of snobbishness in the drawing of the rustics, and Puck, rather over-emphasized as he was, is a distressing anomaly. But the play absorbed him, as music absorbs

discords. The total effect in this original and very wide-awake "Dream" of Mr. Granville Barker was one of rich color, musical grace, and golden suavity.

Present-Day Problems.

THE FEDERAL CHIMÆRA.

It is high time for Liberals to realize once and for all that the "federal solution"—in the sense of Home Rule All Round—is no solution. Whatever the merits of such a scheme as an ideal for future attainment, the proposals now associated with it are valueless as a means of easing the present crisis. That is the clear deduction from two new pamphlets, one coming from the Unionist, the other from the Liberal camp, both written by able men and ardent believers in federalism. Mr. F. S. Oliver, under the unhappy title, "What Federalism is not," states the case for a settlement from the Unionist standpoint, Mr. Murray Macdonald, M.P., and Lord Charnwood from the Liberal standpoint. It is pleasant to be able to note at once that the two latter writers, while sketching a compromise on federal lines in far more moderate and reserved a strain than Mr. Oliver, do not suggest that Liberals, in the event of a failure, should weaken in their resolve to carry the Bill as it stands. The disclaimer might have been more emphatic. I find it only in a parenthesis on the last page but three, but the spirit is clear enough, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that that spirit will actuate the whole party.

For, in the light of these two pamphlets, where does federalism, as a practical proposition, stand? What must strike the reader at once is that the authors cannot bring themselves to write as practical men with definite and practical proposals to offer. Mr. Oliver's are naturally the most definite at the expense of being the least practical. As a Unionist, he does not feel, as Liberals feel it, the urgent necessity of giving Ireland Home Rule, and can therefore demand conditions which would defer it to the Greek Kalends. Mr. Macdonald and Lord Charnwood, recognizing the dominant facts of the situation, become more and more vague the nearer they get to vital issues. Faced with the crux of Ulster, both pamphlets collapse. Neither seriously pretends to hope that the alterations of the Bill which it prescribes, or hints at, will reconcile Ulster. What then? Lord Charnwood, who writes Part II. of the "Federal Solution," frankly gives the riddle up. Mr. Oliver does not. He proposes to exclude Ulster from the Bill pending the complete federalization of the United Kingdom. He regards this form of exclusion as "sound" and "practicable." It will somehow or other lead to the unity of Ireland, and will compel the Government (which, he seems to assume, will be permanently Liberal) to complete the whole Federal system on Irish lines.

Now, I hardly think it would be worth while to discuss the "practicability" of this proposal, even if it formed part of an otherwise practicable scheme. But it does not. Most conciliators have offered plans which stand or fall by some one simple test. It is reserved for Mr. Oliver to present a series of stipulations every one of which is by itself impracticable, and the cumulative effect of which is wildly chimerical. He demands, first, that the House of Lords shall be reconstituted before the Home Rule Bill is passed. This is impossible. He demands, secondly, that the representation of the Home-ruled Ireland shall be raised to the full number warranted by population, and poses the stock dilemma on the point. He must know that this is tantamount to an indefinite postponement of the Bill. And he demands, thirdly, that the Bill should be transformed—or, in effect, that a new Bill should be brought in, reducing Irish powers to those enjoyed by a province within the South African Union. He does, indeed, mention in the alternative, the powers of a Canadian province, but he concentrates his argument upon the South African Union, not only because it cuts down provincial authority to the irreducible minimum, but because it was "fashioned under

the *egis*" of the Liberal Government, and was "warmly praised" even by Irish Nationalists. "They, therefore," he blandly opines, will offer no remonstrance. "We may assume so much with safety," and safe in that comfortable assumption, he proceeds to reduce the Irish Parliament to the level of a County Council.

Is Mr. Oliver perpetrating a ponderous joke? Knowing the extent to which the federal mania can lift the cleverest people from the realm of facts into a world of their own imagination, I do not think so. Yet it is a large order. He requires a new Bill, framed on a new principle, enumerating the powers delegated instead of the powers reserved, opening up thereby vast areas of new controversy, destroying the Irish national idea, and whittling away Irish authority, already heavily curtailed in the Bill by the permanent or temporary reservation of land, police, pensions, insurance, &c., to a mere shadow of the full Irish claim. Financial powers would virtually disappear. Judges and even magistrates would be appointed from London. Appeals would lie, not to the Privy Council, but to a reformed House of Lords not yet in existence. The Post Office, commercial and criminal law, railways, marriage, labor disputes, and everything under the head of the "Structure of Society," are to be withdrawn. Even in the Census and Statistics Mr. Oliver sees sinister omens of separation. But why does he stop here? He omits or forgets to say that the South African provinces have not even responsible government, and that the absence of an institution universally regarded as indispensable to Irish autonomy is not an accident, but a corollary of their inferior status. Stranger still, in an advocate of a "federal solution," he omits to say that the South African Constitution is not federal. The omission would be of less consequence if Mr. Oliver did not lay such exaggerated stress on the dangers of "separation" under the present Bill, and on the alleged helplessness of the Imperial authority; but, since he does take that line, he ought to point out—not in a footnote, but with the utmost clearness—that Ireland, under a federal scheme, would have her powers inalienably guaranteed to her, free from veto or rescission by the central authority. The South African provinces can be abolished altogether by a vote of the Union Parliament, just as the Irish Parliament, set up under the present Bill, could be abolished by a vote at Westminster.

In considering this part of Mr. Oliver's argument, I cannot help being reminded with some amusement of a letter he wrote to the "Times" in 1912, protesting against the Bill on the ground that the present United Kingdom system was "a simple Union closely resembling" the South African Union, and that it ought not to be altered save by the simultaneous transformation of all its parts into a "federal" system. I ventured at the time to point out that the allegation of "close resemblance" showed an astonishing ignorance of Ireland, the Act of Union, and the methods and results of Irish government; but when I find Mr. Oliver solving the present crisis by prescribing for Ireland a system which, according to the Mr. Oliver of 1912, she already to all intents and purposes possesses, and describing it as "federal" into the barga'n, I fall into the kind of delightful mental confusion produced by an ingenious comedy, where the characters become mixed and the plot intricate beyond hope of disentanglement.

The transformation of the Bill, as he proposes, is not possible. The point was raised in Committee, discussed at length, and rejected. Nationalists and Liberals would not accept for Ireland the status of Natal, nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that the Irish Unionists would do so either. Nor could the question, even so, be limited to Ireland. Since, *ex hypothesi*, Ireland would be the model for Scotland, England, and Wales, the whole gigantic question of a federal constitution for the United Kingdom, in its innumerable and profoundly difficult aspects and details, would have to be discussed and settled at a time when it is not within sight of being real practical politics, at a time when the very areas for subdivision are uncertain, when Scotland is but mildly interested, and England has not even begun to envisage the possibility of an exclusively English autonomy. This difficulty is, of course, inherent

in any "federal solution" of to-day, and the Liberal pamphleteers are keenly conscious of it. But they at least do their utmost to minimize the necessary changes in the Irish scheme.

But the most fatal feature in all federal schemes based on Ireland is the way in which they ignore that island and its age-long problem. After all, her claim precedes others by centuries. What is best for Ireland? What does she need? What are her economic and financial conditions? And in the light of those conditions, what powers of self-government does she require? To answer these questions and act accordingly—let it be repeated for the hundredth time—is the only way to solve the Irish problem. In that way, and that only, has any similar problem anywhere in the world been satisfactorily solved. Yet these are the very questions that the federalists of to-day persistently evade. Lord Charnwood gives a few inconclusive pages to Irish "Nationalism." Mr. Oliver hardly seems to be aware of the existence of a real, living Ireland at all, except as a place where Ulstermen and other people disagree. He admits, in regard to Ulster, that he is a "mere onlooker, with no first-hand knowledge," and I think he would frankly admit the same of the rest of Ireland. He does not seem to care to know. His one concern is to make a neat mosaic of the United Kingdom, as strictly centralised as possible, regardless of the strains, friction, and confusion which must follow if the healthy instinct towards self-reliance in Ireland struggles to enlarge the absurdly narrow and rigid mould into which his theories constrain him to squeeze her. And he does all this while pouring boundless contempt on statesmen, politicians, journalists, and all other victims of the party system, who seem to him to live in the skies, while he alone, and the "non-party" men, tread the solid earth. Most Liberals, probably, are Federalists in the abstract. Many would like to see Ireland, in her own time, and by the normal and natural method, enter a future federation of the United Kingdom. But do let us approach that ideal in the true federal spirit, and not, as Mr. Oliver does, in a bureaucratic spirit. Let us face facts, human and political, and have unflinching faith in our principle of freedom. Hard as the Ulster problem may be, we shall not make it easier by weakening on first principles. On the contrary, we shall run the risk of total disaster.

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

Communications.

SCOTTISH LAND PROBLEMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the criticisms and discussions which have followed Mr. Lloyd George's Glasgow speech, interest appears to centre round the guarded pronouncement on Land Values, and the brilliant re-telling of the well-known story of the Sutherland clearances. No doubt these two very important aspects of the Scottish land question deserve the emphasis with which friendly and hostile commentators have dwelt on them: they were selected as being of the essence of the problem, and they were treated in a sympathetic and earnest spirit which is in accordance with Scottish opinion.

But the earlier part of the speech, which has escaped comment, was no less significant. Here the Chancellor of the Exchequer dealt in general terms and with some hesitation with the existing rural problem, and his analysis of the situation, as well as the reforms suggested, were not such as will satisfy Scottish land reformers. Most of his arguments were based on English conditions, and though the argument was general in regard to the necessity for modernizing our land system and for bettering the conditions of rural employment, yet he felt compelled to insist on the differences between the two countries. It is generally true that the Scottish laborer is better paid and more independent than the English; but a more complete inquiry than Mr. Lloyd George's committee undertook will

show that this superiority is by no means universal in Scotland. In a village in Argyllshire, for instance, the present writer found laborers who were paid 15s. a week, and had to pay £3 10s. a year for their small cottages. They are surrounded on all sides by land, most of it suitable for holdings, and although they are extremely anxious to obtain a share of it, they dare not apply, in case they are deprived of their homes while their applications are being considered by our dilatory Board of Agriculture. And in seven meetings held in that district it was only possible to get a local chairman at one (and he was the schoolmaster), although the majority everywhere favored the views of the speaker. This is no uncommon experience in rural Scotland, especially in those parts where the principles of the '86 Crofters Act are not in operation. These principles have been extended to small farms in all parts of Scotland by the Act of 1911, and the promise of security of tenure, combined with fair rents and compensations for improvements, has attracted several thousands to apply either for new holdings or for enlargement of their present holdings. But little progress has been made during these three years in placing these applicants on the land, and herein lies the main criticism of the 1911 Act. Mr. Lloyd George showed little appreciation of the failure of the Act in this respect; nor did he indicate in what manner the formation of holdings can be facilitated and quickened, so as to meet an urgent demand, before the prospective holders are lost to the country. His suggestion of "more petrol" would, indeed, be an important one, if he followed it up by making in the immediate future a Treasury grant to the Board of Agriculture commensurate with the needs of Scotland. In a few years it may be too late to come to the assistance of these men, and the present Act will never be fully utilized unless a largely increased grant is forthcoming.

The wider application of the Act is less urgent than the removal of the obstacles which render it ineffective within the statutory limits of £50 or 50 acres. The most troublesome of these is the right of appeal to an outside arbiter when the landlord's claim for compensation exceeds £300. This provision is one of many flaws introduced into the Bill to effect the disastrous compromise which coaxed the House of Lords into passing the Bill without resorting to the Parliament Act. It is easy to understand that a landlord has only to declare for a sufficiently large sum to take the matter out of the hands of the Land Court. This not only causes delay and irritation, but discourages the Board of Agriculture and applicants from entering on schemes, otherwise excellent, if there is a possibility of the owner frustrating the whole thing in the later stages by making a huge claim for compensation. Another mischievous anomaly in the Act is the power of the owner to let land on lease after application has been made for the land, and after he himself has entered into negotiations with the Board of Agriculture. The difficulties in the way of enlarging present holdings, many of which are too small to provide a living, ought to be entirely removed, and the benefits of the Act should be permanently attached to the holding, rather than to the holder. In this respect the statutory tenant (one of the anomalies of the compromise) is in a ridiculous position. If a tenant leaves at the end of a lease, the next tenant does not come under the Act at all! The same holds good of a small-holder who renounces.

These are some of the immediate amendments of the present law which Scottish public opinion demands, and it would be unreasonable to blame Mr. Lloyd George for showing little knowledge of them; and, finding no adequate remedy for these difficulties in Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, Scottish land reformers must agree with him in his opening remark at Glasgow, in which he expressed his desire that these questions should be settled on the spot by Scotsmen themselves. Scotland had to wait and agitate for a quarter of a century (1886 to 1911) for the above-mentioned Act, and although the Act is in the right direction and in many respects (such as the provision of a Rent Court) admirable, it is quite inadequate, and more drastic remedies are being called for by all who regard with grave concern the process of rural depopulation of which the last census returns gave such startling evidence. And no scheme can be regarded as satisfactory which leaves untouched, as the last Act virtually does, the great sporting solitudes which impress the least observant traveller with the evil which is

peculiar to the land system of this country, and which can be summed up in the one word "waste." Mr. Lloyd George has done a signal service to Scotland in calling the attention of his fellow-countrymen to these empty glens, and in challenging the right of landowners to sacrifice the interest of the nation to the love of pleasure and "sport." Persistent attempts have lately been made to show that the sporting land consists of ground which is either of such a barren nature as would render a more economic use of it impossible, or is at such an altitude as makes the ripening of not the growth of cereals out of the question. Both contentions are wide of the mark. A reference to the evidence of the Royal Commission (Highlands and Islands, 1892) which reported in 1895, puts this beyond doubt. The finding of these agricultural experts, which is so studiously ignored by the opponents of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was that of the total area of nearly 3,000,000 acres then used for sporting and grazing purposes, 1,782,785 acres were suitable for holdings. The Return (538) of last year, showing the sporting area to be now over 3½ million acres, but declaring that little more than half-a-million acres are below 1,000 ft., is so inconsistent with the '95 Report, that there must be grave doubt as to its correctness. The estimates of the acreage and altitudes were supplied by the proprietors and their agents, and it is obvious to all who know the Highlands that much land below 1,000 ft. has been excluded. Seven deer forests are stated as having altitudes of 4,000 ft. or more! When we remember that not half-a-dozen of the highest mountain peaks in Scotland are over 4,000 ft. (Ben Nevis is 4,406) we are compelled to the conclusion that such a statement is not only misleading, but calculated to mislead. The Return, in fact, gives the impression of being of doubtful value, and we should have an early inquiry into altitudes, and into the exact proportion of the deer forests fit for cultivation. Such an inquiry should be carried out by independent experts in surveying. It is interesting to recall that in 1883 the deer forest area was only 1,700,000 acres, and that the Napier Commission which then inquired into the Highland land question made a strong recommendation to the effect that no more land should be added to the already excessive area devoted to sport. And yet the area is now more than double what it was in 1883. The land added since that date must have been at comparatively low levels.

What has the new land policy of the Government to offer us? Very little, and that very vaguely; for the simple reason that a policy that is primarily based on English conditions and intended to meet English requirements cannot possibly be the best remedy for Scottish difficulties. The differences between the two countries are deeper than Mr. Lloyd George indicated. Scots' law differs from English law, and many urgent reforms dealing with primogeniture, entails, and casualties are peculiar to Scotland. Scotland will receive little benefit from the reform of the leasehold system, while many of the rural land proposals have already been embodied in legislation for Scotland. Scottish conditions of land tenure differ fundamentally from those prevailing in England, and Scottish opinion is in advance of English. Scottish proposals must therefore be different in character, and Scottish reform can only be secured through special legislation suited to her needs, and it will not now be disputed that she ought to receive such legislation from her own Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

KENNETH MACIVER.

(President Young Scots Society.)

February 10th, 1914.

Letters to the Editor.

MARTIAL LAW IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—It is to be hoped that the truth concerning the imposition and administration of martial law in South Africa will filter through to the British public in spite of all obstacles. As a life-long Liberal, I was ashamed to see the name of "Gladstone" at the foot of the proclamation—a proclamation which, as far as I can judge from careful observation in and about Johannesburg, was quite unneces-

sary. In view of the hooligan outbreak on the Rand in July last, the calling out of the Defence Forces, or a portion of them, may have been justifiable; but martial law has been used to try and crush organized labor in South Africa. Some few of the labor leaders made violent speeches, but the majority of them continually urged their followers to abstain from acts of violence, and simply to refrain from working. But the authorities have made no distinction, and nearly every organizer of labor and trade unionist official has been thrust into gaol.

I could fill many of your pages with records of gross injustice which would disgust every real lover of freedom; but my object now is to call the attention of your readers to the utterances of two Dutch leaders, both of them known to Europe owing to their prowess during the Anglo-Boer War. Strangely enough, they are both reported in Johannesburg papers of the same date, January 21st. In the "Rand Daily Mail" of that date appears an account of a short interview with General De la Rey. It reads as follows:—

"In the course of an interview with a representative of the 'Rand Daily Mail' yesterday, General De la Rey stated that there were many thousand burghers here on the Reef, men who were, for the most part, farmers, although some of them followed other means of livelihood. These men, he said, *had responded to the call of their party*, which was represented by the Government in power, and had arrived on the Rand to help to maintain law and order. They had been fully apprised of the regrettable occurrences of July last, and had come to the Rand resolved to assist in the prevention of a recurrence of such scenes as those 'wherein men were shot down in the streets.' They were all good shots, and the majority of them had passed through the late war.

"Reverting to the presence of the burghers at the Trades Hall capitulation, General De la Rey said that he was in command of the Dutch contingent there, and that he was prepared to say that the forces present were not there for the purposes of display. He was present to assist in the dislodgment of the men in occupation of the Trades Hall 'at all costs.'

Note the General's statement that the burghers had responded to a party call. The only logical inference seems to be that had the Unionist Party been in power, they would not have turned out.

The other statement was made by General Beyers, the Chief of the Defence Forces of the Union, to a large gathering of troops, Dutch and English, at Johannesburg, on January 20th. The following is an extract from the report of his address in the "Star" of January 21st:—

"They, the commandants and burghers, were here to quash this sort of thing for ever—to kill this kind of striking. A man, of course, had the right to refuse to work, but that was a very different thing to preventing another man from working when he was willing and satisfied with the conditions prevailing. The Government was determined to see normal conditions restored here as soon as possible. If a general strike were continued for six months, the country would be in a sorry plight, our credit would be ruined, and the flow of capital into the country would be stopped. Therefore, it was most important to see that those who wished to work were allowed to work. If there were some who were not satisfied with the conditions, and who would not work here—well, the best thing would be to charter a couple of ships and send them to another country. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He wished it to be shown that they could safeguard the Constitution given them by the British Government, and that English-speaking and Dutch-speaking Afrikaners both had the fullest confidence in the Constitution. There were so many people ready to criticize the Government and to write in the newspapers. These people were of no consequence."

What would be thought of a British commander of the forces who, out to preserve order during a strike, discussed with his troops the pros and cons of the dispute? Be it remembered, too, that the Martial Law Regulations strictly forbid the publication of "any statement calculated to excite ill-feeling," and men are being put into gaol for the slightest breach of this particular section. What sort of effect would General Beyers's speech be likely to have on members of the Labor Party, or upon any man who supports the cause of labor?

These two extracts will serve as indications of the way in which we are being governed in South Africa at present. Better Crown Colony rule a thousand times than this! It is hopeless to expect any protests from the Press in this country, for the papers of both parties are united in their bitter opposition to labor.—Yours, &c., LOVER OF FREEDOM.

Johannesburg, January 22nd, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It was inevitable that comment in this country on the attitude of the South African Government towards the strikers would be copious and vigorous; but let there be no tears over the impracticability of Imperial intervention. That Government is in such a difficult position that it would more than welcome such a diversion as our interference would afford. By the tacit admission of General Smuts it has bound itself to the proposition that a strike of any magnitude in that country, however orderly, is a national danger with which nothing less than martial law, mobilisation, and deportation can adequately cope.

If this is not a tribute to the power of South African trade unionism, there are no lessons in history. The walls of the modern capitalistic Jericho bulge with apprehension at the menace of a few thousand loaded pipes and folded arms. Thank God, that a humble possessor of a pair of tuberculous lungs did not receive the vicious inspiration to blow a trumpet! So much for the moral aspect of the case.

But what of the economic consequences? To uphold a policy of retrenchment, involving a few thousand pounds, it has cost the directing classes many hundreds of thousands of pounds for "crushing" machinery, all of which must ultimately be merged (by whatever devious channels) into the cost of production. If this had accomplished the destruction of trade unionism, it might be regarded as capital expenditure, and so justified from the point of view of the possessing classes. But, manifestly, nothing of the sort has happened. After all this ruinous expenditure, labor has lost no appreciable fraction of its power to induce a recurrence of the whole trouble—and it has certainly not weakened in its will to do so. At the end of the Boer War we found we had to commence a "sort of war"; and the prospect of a "sort of" strike every little while, involving new civil convulsions every time, is sufficiently ominous to impress the least imaginative.

Let it be depended upon that what the law cannot effect the ledger will; and when accounts are added up and a balance struck, it will be surprising if, from out of the present chaos, there does not emerge the spectacle of wise men from the East, bearing yellow gold and herbs of sweet social savor as an offering to the infant labor, under the benign guidance of the Johannesburg "Star."—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR BRENTON.

20, Rectory Road, Barnes, S.W.

February 11th, 1914.

RIGHT OF SEARCH AND RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If it were not that omitting to notice Professor Lujo Brentano's reply to my former letter might appear like want of respect for your very distinguished correspondent, I should not trouble you with this communication.

Professor Brentano refers to the fact that I had the honor of making his acquaintance when he was in England a few years ago. This is one of my most gratifying recollections. The impression made on me by his delicate courtesy and broad-minded liberality of view is still fresh; and the polite and kindly tone of his letters to you confirms and continues that impression.

I did not suggest, nor even suppose, that Professor Brentano himself was not fully aware of the distinction between "search" and "capture." I merely pointed out that the distinction had not been made clear to his readers. I hope that I may remind him that the British Admiralty, by its proposals about contraband of war, really advocated what would be the virtual abolition of the practice of searching neutrals outside blockaded waters. It was a great Continental Military Power which opposed these proposals, and thus perpetuated the "right of search" as hitherto exercised. In all discussions this ought to be remembered.

I regret that I am not able to see an analogy between a "private house" on land and a merchant vessel on the sea. The former is immovable; the latter can be taken wherever she would be useful to the belligerent captor. Also, the right—claimed, and sometimes exercised—of levying money contributions and "requisitions" renders it impossible for me to discern any clear analogy between a banking establishment on land and a vessel on the sea. The analogy—if

[February 14, 1914.]

there is any—must be found in the fact that in one case money is requisitioned, and in the other case money's worth—*i.e.*, the vessel. It is unfortunate—indeed, it is deplorable—that the public should know so little of the difference between the pressure on non-combatants permitted—and in practice adopted—in land-warfare and the pressure on them resorted to in naval warfare. Knowledge of the rights claimed, and often enough exercised, would soon convince people that the case of non-combatants is enormously harder in land wars than it is in wars by sea. Far more private property was destroyed and far more misery was caused to non-combatants in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley or in Sherman's "march to the sea" than by all the Confederate cruisers. The inhabitants of Manchuria—being not only non-combatants, but also neutrals—suffered in their persons and property much more seriously than all the non-combatant subjects of both the belligerent Powers who had interests on the sea in the Russo-Japanese War.

I can make full allowance for Professor Brentano's resentment caused by irresponsible newspaper writers. It is a case in which one may be forgiven for asking: Who has the right of casting the first stone? The quotation from I. G. Büsch suggests the conclusion that that writer is unfair to this country. Whatever he may say, it is a fact that can be amply proved that, except in the countries occupied by Napoleon's land forces, which effectually put a stop to the trade, the Allies of Great Britain carried on their maritime trade under the protection, direct or indirect, of the British Navy. This was notably the case with Spain and Portugal. No country has derived greater advantages from the prominent position of the British Navy than the country of which Professor Brentano is so distinguished a citizen. I called attention to this more than a dozen years ago in a German review, to which I had been requested to send a communication. Speaking after personal observation, I have no hesitation in saying—what a generation ago would have been disputed by no one—that the prosperity of German trade in the South Seas and on the Pacific Coast of Latin America was founded and progressed under the shelter of our Navy, which did so much to maintain tranquillity in regions in which, but for the relative ubiquity of that Navy, turbulence would have been chronic. The many Germans whom, in the 'fifties of the last century, I used to meet in the localities alluded to were outspoken in their appreciation of this then unquestioned condition of things. I still have in my possession a local newspaper recording the first visit, in 1874, of a German man-of-war to the South Sea Islands. By that date the national interests in the Pacific Ocean had, from small beginnings, become great enough to render such a visit politic. Also, by that date, the tranquillizing effect of the presence of the British Navy had generally, if not quite universally, made itself felt in the area in question, to the great advantage of Germany's trade.

I feel sure that, if Professor Brentano were an Englishman, he would—to use his own phrase—be desirous of peace; and that, with his powerful intellect and wide outlook on public affairs, he would see the necessity of strenuously advocating retention of the right of capture as being one of the surest methods of preserving the peace of the world.—
Yours, &c.,

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

February 8th, 1914.

THE LAND POLICY FOR TOWNS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article in this week's NATION will give little satisfaction to land-taxers; and if, in their further speeches, the lines you indicate are those along which Members of the Government intend to move, they will certainly not secure the co-operation of the land-taxers.

We do not in the least want a large increase in the army of inspectors to pry into the housing of the working classes. But let that pass. What is serious is that you apparently contemplate with approval (a) a large relief to local ratepayers at the expense of the general tax-payer; (b) the imposition of a separate site-value rate of only 1d. in the £ to relieve the existing rates, coupled with some long since thought-out and discarded system of not putting any further increase of rates on buildings.

(a) Would involve, as all economists are agreed, a dole to landlords at the expense of the community; (b) was

extensively examined by the Select Committee of the House of Commons under Mr. Ure in 1906-7, and by them unanimously rejected in favor of a complete change in the basis of rating. They rejected any idea of an additional rate, and all land-taxers would do the same to-day, no matter who brought the scheme forward. Make the change as gradual as you like; but for an additional cast-iron rate we have no use. The change must involve a substitution of one basis for another, not an additional charge to be frittered away in fresh expenditure.—Yours, &c.,

JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.
February 8th, 1914.

STRIKES AND THE PUBLIC SERVICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have no wish to prolong a correspondence which has fallen into lines other than I contemplated when my first letter was written, and can only regret that it has led to no more useful result. My purpose was to invite discussion of certain general principles in the hope of coming a little nearer to some method of settling disputes in vital industries without bearing hardly either on the workers or on the general body of citizens. This seemed—and still seems—to me a problem worthy of consideration, and I was sorry when, instead of giving us the benefit of his advice upon it, "M." contented himself with a criticism of what he regarded as "strike-breaking" and "middle-class action." Leaving the broader questions, he wrote in terms of the Leeds strike, and, although this was not the subject I had hoped to see discussed, I felt bound to record my emphatic dissent from the views he expressed. For here, on his own ground, was a clear issue: on the one hand, a grave danger to the city; on the other hand, the possible effect on a comparatively small section of the community of action taken in the interests of the whole. This was the actual position in Leeds, and those who have followed the correspondence will judge whether, in view of "M.'s" choice between these alternatives, my comments were justified. I am content to leave it so.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. W.

February 10th, 1914.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE KINGDOM OF ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having recently returned from an extended tour in Albania, I have read with interest the correspondence which has appeared in THE NATION upon the situation in the Southern districts of that country from the pens of Miss Durham, Colonel Haywood, and Mr. Mavrogordato. Whilst I do not propose to follow any of these correspondents into, or comment upon, the details which they cite in support of their respective points of view, there are one or two of the larger questions raised by these letters upon which I should like to explain my views. My opinion, for such as it is worth, has been formed as the result of a journey right through the areas in question about two years ago, and as a consequence of recently meeting and conversing with several of my old and reliable friends, some of whom have been obliged to leave their homes and take refuge without the territory occupied by the Greeks. Although the Græco-Albanian frontier seems to be settled, these larger questions are of supreme importance; for, by trying at the present time to gain the sympathy of the civilized world concerning this arranged settlement, the Greeks are endeavoring to prejudice the public opinion of Europe should future disturbances occur, perhaps, as a direct, or probably indirect, result of the attitude of the Athenian Government.

Let me divide my remarks into three main parts:—

(1) *Forced "meetings."* As long ago as last summer, I received information, from a reliable source, that the inhabitants were signing their names upon lists of people said to favor union with Greece, not because they really favored this union, but because they feared that should their territory, the future of which was then completely uncertain, be ultimately annexed by Greece, refusal to sign these petitions would subsequently carry with it results of a most disastrous nature to them. That this information was reliable, I had

no doubt; but my confidence in it was considerably increased by a conversation which I had a few weeks ago with an extremely important Albanian, who gave me an account of a meeting at which he had actually been present. My informant, who represented his father—one of the great magnates of Southern Albania—at the meeting in question, said that the more important inhabitants who attended were subsequently invited to come into the Government Building. Arrived there, they were requested, and in spite of protests that they had come to hear speeches and not to sign papers, they were practically compelled to append their signatures to one of the famous documents in the midst of an uproar from without the building, an uproar which had been obviously planned to bring about the desired effect. This sort of thing may not, literally speaking, constitute a collection of signatures "with the aid of the bayonet," but it certainly amounts to that kind of persuasion which anyone who has ever travelled in the Balkan Peninsula must know could not have been resisted by a person whose future home might then well have been destined to be included in territory belonging to the country whose interests were voiced by those collecting the signatures.

(2) *The language question.* Whilst I do not wish to argue with Mr. Mavrogordato as to whether the Albanians fear to speak their language at their own dining tables, I do know that for many years the Greeks, and particularly the representatives of the Orthodox Church, have left no stone unturned to prevent the official use of the Albanian language. Endeavors have been made in all directions to capture the support of the foreigner, and to convince him that the people love the Greek language and the Greek culture. When I was in the town of Korcha, where the Albanian section of the population largely predominates over all other elements, a personage closely connected with the Greek propaganda even went so far as to inform me that there were no Christian Albanians in the district, and that all the non-Moslems were really Greek by race. Before my arrival at Leskovik I was entreated not to stay in an Albanian house there, as it was obviously feared that I might be prejudiced against the Greek cause, and through the medium of the owners of which it was obvious that I should visit the small Albanian school, then doing good work under the greatest of difficulties.

(3) *The school question.* The number of Greek schools, and the number of Christian children who have been wont to attend these establishments, can be no guide in deciding the nationality or sentiments of the inhabitants. Whilst the opening of Albanian schools was strictly prohibited by the Sublime Porte, those established by the then Turkish Government taught little or nothing beyond the reading of the Koran and writing with the Arabic characters, which are and were detested by the Albanians as a whole. Consequently the people, for years intent upon the development of education, have naturally availed themselves of the only existing opportunity for enlightening their children, and sent them to the only available schools, namely, those freely established under the ancient privileges of the Patriarchate.

In conclusion, I would only say that I hold no brief for or against the Albanians or the Greeks. I am not a member of any organization which represents or furthers their respective points of view. In omitting, as I feel bound to omit, the names of my correspondents and informants, and of the places in which they live, I must ask my readers to believe that whilst I have taken every precaution to convince myself that their information was true, I feel that to give their names would be an utter breach of confidence, if it were not actually laying them open to the danger of retaliation from those whose interests they certainly have not furthered.

Thanking you in anticipation for finding space for the publication of this somewhat long letter,—Yours, &c.,

H. CHARLES WOODS.

171, Victoria Street, February 10th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—May I beg a few lines to say that the inference Miss Edith Durham would have your readers draw is that South Albania has been filched by the Greeks, and that that nation has no earlier right to look upon that part of the Balkans as a country in which they have some national

right and an ethnographical interest than the late conquest has given them? I possess an atlas, dated 1835, giving the boundaries of the Balkan States in Roman times, in which Epirus extends from Avlona, with a northern boundary along the Viosa River (at that time Aulon and the Aous River), down south to the present southern boundary, ending at Nicopolis, which is a name common to both periods. Alessio, which is south of Scutari, was then Lissus, and was the northernmost coast-boundary of Macedonia, while Scutari—then Scodra—was not in the Balkans, but in Illyricum. What Miss Durham holds to be Albania was then Illyris Graeca. So far as I can gather, at no time have Greeks been strangers to Epirus, and the Greek colonies they established hundreds of years before the time of Christ have existed with fluctuations ever since.

I have re-read my letters, and I find nothing that I then said requires amendment. What the Greeks hold to-day was conquered in war from the Turks—not from the Albanians—and they are administering the country without, as I said, trouble, although I am sure that those who object to Greek rule bitterly complain, as people do about the Insurance Act; but it works—as the Greeks work—for the benefit of the country. The more of Epirus that is taken from the Greeks, the wider will the subsequent unrest and disturbance spread.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR GEIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—A very interesting paragraph in the "Times" of to-day, from the "Times" well-known Balkan correspondent, informs us that "all the Pomaks, or Moslem Bulgarians, in this district, who were converted to Christianity during the first Balkan War, have now returned to the fold of Islam."

Previous to the war, and I think all missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic will support my statement, it was extremely unusual for any Balkan Mohammedan to adopt Christianity. Even in Bosnia, where there was every temptation to do so, it seldom—almost never—occurred. It would therefore be of great interest to discover what means were employed during the first Balkan War to bring about this sudden and, it would appear, wholesale conversion. The more so, because there was a widespread belief among the Allies that the best way of "simplifying the Moslem question" was to give the conquered Moslems the choice of death, or baptism, or exile, with loss of all property. In certain districts conversion was effected by flogging with knotted cords, and by pouring cold water over the naked victims, and exposing them to the winter weather. Many were shot down so soon as they refused, and numbers owe their lives to the fact that a hodja told his flock that, under the circumstances, God would forgive them, and not let the crosses made on them defile them if they remained true Moslems at heart. He did this when a large number had already died for their faith.

Can anyone enlighten us as to the missionary methods by which the Orthodox Church "converted" the Pomaks?—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

February 11th, 1914.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., THE NATION.]

"THIS WAY TO THE ASYLUM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—I am late in the day in noticing two letters in your issue of January 31st, which bear upon an article of mine on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

"F. G." produces a priceless piece of evidence, which ought to be incorporated in the next edition of Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence's tract. To me it seems at least as conclusive as any of Sir Edward's other proofs that Shakespeare or Bacon, singly or jointly, had any part in producing the Authorized Version of the Bible.

The purport of "Old Subscriber's" complaint is that I do not take Sir Edward with sufficient seriousness. He wants us "to investigate the matter thoroughly and open-mindedly." May I hint that Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence is perhaps the main obstacle to serious treatment of the subject? That penny pamphlet bars the way. It cannot be

read with a straight face, except by the class who are wearing straight-waistcoats.

But, for the sake of "Old Subscriber," please give me space for an extract which I invite him—and those who think with him—to ponder. Everyone will admit that James Spedding was, and is likely to remain, the chief authority on Bacon. Spedding spent forty years in profound study of the man and his works, and to Spedding we owe the edition of Bacon which can never be surpassed or superseded.

On the subject of who wrote the plays of Shakespeare, Spedding wrote as follows:—

"If you had fixed upon anybody else rather than Bacon as the true author—anybody of whom I knew nothing—I should have been scarcely less incredulous; because I deny that a *prima facie* case is made out for questioning Shakespeare's title. But, if there were any reason for supposing that somebody else was the real author, I think I am in a condition to say that, whoever it was, *it was not Bacon*. The difficulties which such a supposition would involve would be almost innumerable and altogether insurmountable."

Until someone arises with a profounder knowledge of Bacon than James Spedding possessed, this passage will remain a sufficient warrant for us to go on smiling at Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence's propositions.—Yours, &c.,

H.

February 11th, 1914.

THE MEMORIAL TO CONVOCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From the standpoint of the lay world, the memorial of certain clergy to the Upper House of Convocation, setting forth their "grave anxiety at the present time, first, in consequence of the unchecked denial of certain fundamental truths of the faith"—"the miracles of our Lord's Birth of a Virgin, and the actual Resurrection of His Body from the Tomb" are specified—"by some who hold office in the Church; and, secondly, in consequence of the widespread tendency to approach the problem of reunion among Christians in a way that is clearly inconsistent with the belief that Episcopal ordination is essential to a valid ministry of the Word and Sacraments," is not a matter of importance. It may, and possibly will, be largely signed. But it is remote from actuality, and suggests, as does the Roman Index to M. Maeterlinck, the latitude of Lhassa or of Timbuctoo. And when he asks, "What is the good of giving importance by commenting upon it to something unimportant?" he expresses Newman's *securus judicat orbis* more accurately than Newman. Neither the Roman Index nor the Anglican memorial will be taken seriously by serious men.

In England, however, there has not, so far, been the hard-and-fast line between the lay and the clerical mind that is found in Catholic countries. In character, as well as in name, the Church has been national. And it is unfortunate that in our generation an advance of secular knowledge has run parallel with a religious reaction, a widening of general outlook been coincident with a narrowing of theological thought. As a court of appeal, Canterbury, compared with Rome, is ineffectual. Should Convocation assent to the prayer of the memorialists, it will make itself, not for the first time, ridiculous; but not a clergyman will be driven from his pulpit, or a layman from his pew. That great safeguard of religious liberty, the Royal Supremacy, ties the hands of the clergy, if it does not bridle their tongues. It is time, however, to call attention to the mischievous and unscrupulous attempt being made, in more than one quarter, to identify the Evangelical party with certain unpopular theological opinions with which it is notorious that they have not the slightest sympathy; and to use the Kikuyu controversy as a weapon against what it, infelicitously enough, called "Modernism" in the English Church. Encouraged by the apparent success achieved by the Pope in this direction our Neo-Anglicans are disposed to imitate him. It is on a small scale—

"parvam Trojam simulataque magnis Pergama";

and it will miscarry. We consider the transparency of the tactics employed, and we are as cool as contempt can make us. We think of the perplexity and distress which they occasion to the simple, and contempt gives place to indignation. "Cela vous semble ridicule. Mais c'est odieux." And that on two grounds.

1. To associate "the belief that Episcopal ordination is essential to a valid ministry of the Word and Sacraments" with the acceptance of "the Miracles of our Lord's Birth of a Virgin, and the actual Resurrection of His Body from the Tomb" is certainly ingenious. It creates suspicion; it suggests falsehood; it suppresses truth. For it is impossible that the memorialists can be ignorant that the overwhelming majority of those who welcome the policy of Kikuyu, including the bishops who initiated it, accept the Gospel narrative of the Birth and Resurrection of Jesus as literal fact, and would be shocked and pained beyond measure were a doubt raised as to its historical character. And, this being so, to couple the two positions is disingenuous in the extreme. A harsher word might, indeed, be used. And the trait is hereditary. Dr. Arnold's indignation against Tractarianism was directed, his biographer tells us, against "what he conceived to be the natural tendency of the school to grave moral faults."

It is possible that the memorialists have brought themselves to believe the doctrine "that Episcopal ordination is essential to the valid ministry of the Word and Sacraments" to form part of "the teaching of the Church in all ages": the power of suggestion is great; and the ignorance of the "Church Party" must be experienced to be believed. But, unless they limit the Church of England to the adherents of the Oxford Movement, it is difficult to see how they can argue that this Church "has always taught it." Articles XIX. and XXIII., where (if anywhere) it would appear, have not a trace of it; and the recent correspondence in the "Times" has shown beyond question that it was not held by the great Anglican divines of the seventeenth century; and that it has no foundation in "the law, the precedents, and the formularies of the English Church."

2. The question raised by the *Vor* and *Nach-Geschichte* of the Gospels, think of them as we will, fall under another category. They are matter, in England at least, of expert rather than of common knowledge; of history and exegesis rather than of belief. They are peculiarly liable to excite prejudice and misconception: in matters connected with religion "novelty is often error, from the refraction with which it enters into the mind." Those who question the received view do so, not from any preconceived theory of the impossibility of what is called miracle, but on what seems to them the inconclusive nature of the testimony; and on the ground of the likelihood of such beliefs having arisen naturally, given the civilization and psychology of the age. Those who uphold it argue from the common consent of the Church as a whole; from what they think the congruity of the new dispensation having been ushered in by marvel; and from the difficulty of retaining the belief-values without the beliefs.

Surely the situation is one for patience, mutual understanding, and charity. If to open such questions is to give scandal in one direction, to close them is to do so in another: "le scandale des intelligences, c'est la plaie de l'Eglise." A prudent man will certainly not discuss them without necessity; but when necessity arises he will freely speak his mind. Such words as "sceptic" and "bigot" should be banished from our vocabulary: there are points on which minds equally devout and equally candid may be unable to see eye to eye. In each case the problem is one of speculation, not of faith: it touches not the fact either of the Incarnation or the Resurrection, but the manner in which it was appointed that the Incarnation and the Resurrection should take place. In the sixteenth century a similar controversy as to the "How" of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper rent Christendom into fragments and deluged Europe with blood. Yet was not the key contained in the Book which the disputants, for and against, professed to venerate? "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life."—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

February 11th, 1914.

THE INITIAL PRIVILEGE OF LANDOWNERSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Government, by the mouth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Glasgow, has now deliberately laid it

down that "there is one great, deep, underlying principle of all sound, just, and beneficent land laws in every country; that the land in all countries was created by Providence for the benefit of all those who dwell therein, and that any privileges, rights, or interests attaching for the time being, whatever their origin may be, to the ownership of land that are inconsistent with this great purpose, ought, in the interests of the community, to be ruthlessly over-ridden."

Now, as everyone knows, the initial privilege of all attaching to-day to the ownership of land in this country is the privilege of immunity from the payment of its economic rent—from the payment, that is, of the annual compensation due to the community for so much contraction (if any) as may be currently involved in the particular ownership, of the gross amount of "benefit" provided by the Creator, one with another, for all.

This, then, is the first and most fundamental privilege attaching to landownership which presents itself to be tested as to its consistency or otherwise with that "great purpose," the first which, should it fail to satisfy that test, is now definitely marked by a Liberal Government as bound, "in the interests of the community," to be "ruthlessly over-ridden," presumably, by the simple and straightforward method of discontinuing the unjust immunity, in the enjoyment of which the privilege consists.—Yours, &c.,

A. C. AUCHMUTY.

Edgbaston, February 10th, 1914.

RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think Mr. Armstrong has scarcely read my letter (I know of no other letter from an Englishman to you on this subject) with any care. Otherwise he would have seen that I had answered the very question which he asks. What have we to do with Russia's action? By the Anglo-Russian Conventions, Sir E. Grey has brought us into very close relations with Russia, and in Persia and Egypt he has used those relations for what some of us think bad purposes. Why not, then, use this influence for a good purpose? Of course, if Mr. Armstrong seriously thinks that to interest one's fellow-countrymen in public affairs is a mistake, it is strange that he should care to write to THE NATION at all, still more that he should criticize the general conditions of society.

As to the motives which have led me and others to condemn the treatment of Madame Breshkovsky, Mr. Armstrong must be left to his own fancies; if he knew more of me and others who take the same line that I have taken, he would have known that we are at least as ready to criticize English wrong-doings as Russian ones.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage,
Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.

THE DUBLIN DISTRESS FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In connection with the appeal issued in November last by the Bishops of Lincoln and Oxford, Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., Mrs. Francis Acland, Mrs. J. R. Green, Sir A. W. Lawrence, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, and others, the Committee of the "Dublin Distress Fund" again desire to appeal most earnestly to the public for help in the present great need of the workers of Dublin.

The money given to the fund during the last three months has been used in supporting various centres where hot food and milk for infants were given out daily, in aiding clothing funds, and, early in January, in giving blankets and bedding to some in urgent need (all clothing and bedding given being stamped so as to make them unpayable).

It is now generally known that during the last few weeks matters in Dublin have gone hard with the workers. It was supposed, after the December conferences, that supplies from England would continue till some approved settlement with the employers should be agreed upon. But about the middle of January food ships and strike-pay gradually ceased to come to Dublin, and the position of solidarity held by the workers thus became untenable.

This being apparent to the Dublin leaders, they abandoned that position, and advised the men to return to work in all cases where they could do so without signing the agreement condemned by Sir George Askwith. A large number of workers did then go back to their employment on terms varying in individual cases.

Still funds dwindled, and this week, in the face of utter starvation of the workers and their families, the leaders have advised the men to sign any agreement, any bond, that is presented to them as a condition of employment.

It is estimated that these members of the Transport and General Workers' Union still out include six or seven hundred men, and about 1,100 women and girls, some of the women being widows with children.

These people, whose courage has been the pride of all who have worked with them, have stood by their union with a loyalty which should be dear to all who know how to value a fine spirit. Most of them have endured privation and discomfort since August. In many instances, even their bedding was sold for food in the early days of the dispute. All through these long trying months they have not wavered in their support of the principle for which they fought. Now their leaders have had to tell them they are beaten, and can fight no longer. And it is known that there will be many who, even on the humiliating terms imposed on them, will be unable for some time yet to get work. The distress in the homes of these people is terrible at the present time, and those who are trying to help them have not any longer the means to do so adequately.

It is felt that there must be many members of the public who, understanding the position and caring for brave men and women, will wish, in this hour of deepest trouble, to give some help. To these the Committee wish to appeal, and would also assure them that all money given will be spent directly on the people, there being no working expenses in connection with this fund.

Subscriptions may be sent to Drummond's Bank, 49, Charing Cross, or to either of the Hon. Treasurers, Erskine Childers, Esq., 13, Embankment Gardens, S.W., and Miss Mabel Dickinson, 6, East Chapel Street, Curzon Street, W. Cheques should be made payable to the "Dublin Distress Fund."—Yours, &c.,

MABEL DICKINSON, Hon. Sec.

February 12th, 1914.

Poetry.

WOMAN TO MAN.

God made you strong;
And you have taken your strength,
Carried it the world's length,
Built it into bridges,
Spanning the mountain ridges;
Hewn it from the stone's stress,
To images of immortal loneliness;
Given it for walls to master
The gigantic flood's disaster;
Against the terrific gale
Sent it in ships to sail;
Delivered it in vast, illimitable godlike message
Against the storm's cold pressage.

From the beginning of all things
There came to me a dream on beating wings;
My strength was in that dream's uncertain span;
God called it His, and made from it a man.
Robbed, weak, twice-spent,
Yet in my desolation is my monument,
For it would seem
The whole world rests its pillars on my dream.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we command to the notice of our readers:—

"Men and Matters." By Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Colonization of Rural Britain: A Complete Scheme for the Regeneration of British Rural Life." By the Right Hon. Jease Collings. (The Rural World Publishing Co. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Napoleon at Bay (1814)." By F. Loraine Petre. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Economic Synthesis: A Study of the Laws of Income." By Achille Loria. Translated by M. Eden Paul. (Allen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Roman Memories." By T. S. Jerome. (Mills & Boon. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Religion in an Age of Doubt." By the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare. (Robert Scott. 5s. net.)
 "A History of Education in Modern Times." By F. P. Graves. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "When Ghost Meets Ghost." By William De Morgan. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "Initiation." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 "Tacite et Mirabeau." Par Henri Welschinger. (Paris: Emile Paul. 3 fr. 50.)
 "A Travers la Presse." Par A. de Chambure. (Paris: Fert. 5 fr.)
 "Puvis de Chavannes." Par René Jean. (Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Les Desmoiselles Bertram." Roman. Par Paul Acker. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

"THE WAY TO INDUSTRIAL PEACE" is the title of a book by Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press. It sums up the results of the author's investigations into the fundamental causes of the disputes between employers and their workmen, and suggests some steps towards reform. Among these are a minimum wage policy which would suppress parasitic industries, a reduction of the number of working hours, schemes for the prevention of unemployment, and methods for dealing with the problem of casual labor. Mr. Rowntree argues that some of the proposals on land reform now before the country will also benefit the town worker, and he concludes with a chapter on the special grievances of the farm laborers.

* * *

Miss M. D. PETRE, Father Tyrrell's biographer and literary executor, has made a selection from the notes and essays which Father Tyrrell had not published at the time of his death, and these, together with some articles which appeared in various periodicals, are to be issued by Mr. Edward Arnold under the title of "Essays on Faith and Immortality." The essays are described as not definite treatises, but the musings and gropings of a deeply spiritual mind in its search for truth. Among the reprinted articles will be "A Perverted Devotion," which it is now almost impossible to procure. It will be remembered that its publication had a momentous influence on Father Tyrrell's relations with his ecclesiastical superiors.

* * *

A BOOK on Japanese poetry by Mr. Yone Noguchi will shortly be added to Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series. It will contain a series of lectures on the great poets of Japan, translations of a number of their poems, and a chapter on the famous "No" plays.

* * *

AMERICAN books help to swell the list of announcements issued by the Oxford University Press, as Mr. Humphrey Milford is the British agent for the publications of four American Universities—Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton. In some cases the volumes which come across the Atlantic in this way are the work of Englishmen, though they owe their existence to the enterprise of American Universities. Sir Courtenay Ilbert's "The Mechanics of Law Making" is an example. It is a series of lectures given last October at Columbia University, and will be published in this country by Mr. Milford as the agent for the Columbia University Press.

* * *

FROM the Yale University Press we are promised "The Evolution of Modern Medicine" by Sir William Osler, "The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans" by Mr. A. P. Newton, and a "Diary of a Voyage to the United States" by Moreau de Saint Méry. The latter work, which

has been only recently discovered, promises to be a very interesting historical document. Moreau de Saint Méry played an active part in the early stages of the French Revolution. He was a member of the Constituent Assembly, and it was at his suggestion that Lafayette was given command of the national militia. He was banished under the Terror, and the "Diary" which is now to be published is concerned with his life in the United States during his exile. Moreau de Saint Méry has a further claim to the interest of patriotic Americans. He was for a time a member of the Superior Council of San Domingo, and while occupying that post he discovered the tomb of Columbus on the island.

* * *

SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE has written an introduction to a new edition of Sir John Barrow's "The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the 'Bounty,'" which is to be published in "The World's Classics" series. Sir John Barrow was secretary to the Admiralty for forty years, and under fourteen administrations. His account of the mutiny is fairer than Bligh's partisan "Narrative," which was praised by Fanny Burney, and inspired Byron's poem, "The Island," as well as Miss Mitford's "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas."

* * *

AMONG the spring announcements of Messrs. Henry Young of Liverpool is a series of "Lake Biographies." The first volume will be on "Wonderful Walker," the famous Borrowdale schoolmaster and clergyman, who has been commemorated by Wordsworth. The same publishers are issuing limited editions of Lockhart's "Life of Burns" and Madame Campan's "Private Life of Marie Antoinette." Sir Walter Raleigh has written an introduction for the former work, and Dr. J. Holland Rose has done the same service for the latter.

* * *

A HISTORY of "English Church Life from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement," by Dr. J. Wickham Legge, is announced by Messrs. Longmans. It is not unusual for High Church writers to describe the greater part of this period as one of the dullest and most depressing chapters in our ecclesiastical history. It certainly preferred compromise and moderation to ardor and enthusiasm; but it was at least notable for the revival with which John Wesley's name is associated. Dr. Legge pays special attention to certain disregarded or forgotten features of Church life during the period, and his book promises to correct some prevalent misapprehensions.

* * *

"PICCADILLY," by Mr. A. W. Dasent, to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, will not be the first book called forth by that famous street. Mr. H. B. Wheatley's "Round About Piccadilly and Pall Mall" is full of entertaining gossip, and so is Mr. G. S. Street's "The Ghosts of Piccadilly," which is, by the way, to be re-issued in the new shilling series which Messrs. Constable have in preparation. But Piccadilly is so packed with memories of famous and notorious persons—the Duke of Wellington and "Old Q." Palmerston and Charles James Fox, Byron, Bulwer-Lytton, Macaulay, and Harriet Mellon, are a few that present themselves at once—that there is plenty of room for another book on the subject, and Mr. Dasent's former volume on St. James's Square is proof that he can write in an agreeable style about the social life and personalities of bygone London.

* * *

A NEW historical series, to be called "The Kings and Queens of England," will be started this season by Messrs. Constable. It has for its object to give an account of the lives of British sovereigns, with special regard to the influence which they had on the social and political conditions of their times. The series is under the editorship of Mr. Robert Rait and Mr. William Page, and the first three volumes will be "Henry II." by Mr. L. F. Salzmann, "Henry VII." by Miss Gladys Temperley, and "Henry VI." by Mr. M. E. Christie.

* * *

MR. MELROSE has in the press a second volume of Mr. G. W. T. Omund's book on "The Lord Advocates of Scotland." It contains historical studies and appreciations of the Lord Advocates from the time of the Reform Bill down to 1880.

Reviews.

CATHOLIC APOLOGETIC.

"Men and Matters." By WILFRID WARD. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

A good deal of recent Catholic apologetic, Roman and Anglican—from this point of view the difference between the two is immaterial—has been marked by a certain levity of temper. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "this merriment of parsons is mighty offensive"; the reader is disposed to echo the remonstrance of the Baron in Mr. Clouston's delightful "Count Bunker"—"Your heart, he is too light, Bonker; ja, too light. Last night you did encourage me not to be seemly. I did get almost drunk." The humor of Mr. Knox's "Loose Stones" reinforces the paradox of Mr. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy"; that "Jones is sixty" is the argument, and has become the watchword, of a school. He may be. But a man is not necessarily a back number at sixty; and some of us fall under the category before reaching that age.

Mr. Ward is not a professional humorist; and does not deal in witticisms of this description. The author of the now classical "Life of Newman," more perhaps than any living writer he has inherited Newman's spirit; he is a dialectician and a political philosopher; his dignified and serious apologetic is worthy of the historical Church to whose service it is devoted. He makes the best case that can be made for Roman Catholicism. And, if this case is, as we believe it to be, a very bad one, it is not with the advocate that the fault lies. He is too skilful to descend to the level of a Pangloss, or argue that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. The Church of Rome is an authoritative Church; and authority does not relish criticism. "Omnia videt; multa dissimulat; pauca castigat," however, is its motto. Mr. Ward's criticisms are carefully worded; and perhaps a greater latitude is allowed to a layman than to a priest. But we are less sure than we could wish that he is a *probatus amator*, in the canonical sense of the term. He is not, indeed, a Modernist; but the extremes of Anti-Modernism are not to his mind:—

"There has been in the course of the past half-century and more, a widespread endeavor to bring Catholic thought abreast of the times—an endeavor rendered specially urgent in our own day by the rapid advance of the sciences. This endeavor has led some writers into disastrous errors and excesses. But there are also signs in certain quarters of reaction to an opposite extreme—to suspicion of those who have continued to attempt the same difficult task with greater caution and submission to authority. It seems to be assumed in some quarters that submission to ecclesiastical authority must suffice for guidance on the most intricate problems, and that active thought savors of a wanton and dangerous love of innovation. This view I venture strongly to deprecate, on lines laid down in Cardinal Newman's writings, as opposed to the traditions of the Church."

And, in the able essay on "St. Thomas Aquinas and Medieval Thought":—

"If 'work in the field marked out by the 'Higher Criticism' is occasionally touched by some of the defects of the method it has to use, that does not make it the less necessary. If those few who are competent to undertake it are afforded no scope for their energies, humanly speaking, the movement of criticism must lead widely to the destruction of faith, especially in those masses of half-educated people for whose especial benefit the avoidance of unsettling discussions is professedly designed. It is quite true that, in the earliest stages of such a movement, the simple are those whose faith is most easily overset on a first acquaintance with the new problems; but questions which are now mooted in the 'Daily Mail' and the 'Daily Telegraph' cannot be regarded as permanently the secrets of the learned few. And when such questions are widely raised, it is precisely the simpler souls, those least qualified to meet them rationally, who most need a recognized literature, the work of men at once expert as critics and orthodox as theologians. Such a literature is the indispensable guide and authority for the average mind. Its very existence, and its recognition on the part of the official rulers, are a support to him. If it exists, his faith is saved. If it does not, humanly speaking, it goes."

Such a recognized exegesis as that which Mr. Ward desires, and which existed before the Encyclical "Pascendi" in certain seminaries, would certainly be a very great improvement on the usual "Cursus Sacre Scripturae." The student's mind would acquire the habit

of co-ordinating, instead of opposing, faith and science; a starting point would be given, and a departure from solid ground made. Whether, however, an official school can ever be more than "the beginning of wisdom" may be doubted. Ideas have their own logic; and "thought is quick." But whatever may be thought of Mr. Ward's opinions from this point of view, there is nothing in them inconsistent with the strictest orthodoxy. A man may accept the claims of a society without thinking that the several elements which compose it are at all times evenly balanced, or that the policy of its officials is always wise.

The most valuable part of Mr. Ward's apologetic is his jealousy of the extravagance of individualism, and his insistence on the importance of the corporate element in thought and life. The One, while it receives reality from, gives worth to, the Many: in the language of religion—"We, being many, are one body in Christ." He tells us, with a certain simplicity, that "the growing acceptance of the general idea of Church authority, as opposed to a mere reliance on private judgment, is witnessed by the spread of the Catholic Movement in the Church of England." Here, with Macaulay, we are much of the mind of Falstaff's tailor. "We must have better security for Sir John than Bardolph's. We like not the security." Mr. Ward's own account of the matter is more convincing:—

"It is becoming more and more generally admitted that Christian belief cannot be adequately justified or preserved for an inquiring generation without taking account of the legacy left us by the special wisdom and insight of the saints and prophets of old, which reaches its climax in the Revelation of Christ Himself. And it is widely recognized that the corporate society which has ever preserved that legacy in its tradition is the Holy Catholic Church of the Creed. Again, in the difficult task of Apologetic and of interpreting Christianity to successive civilizations, it is now generally recognized that the thought of the expert few is the natural guide to the less gifted many. And here, again, the theological tradition of a corporate society is invaluable. The claim for Christianity is at its strongest as exhibited, not in the reasoning of a single average mind, but in the life and thought of the Church as a whole, and from the beginning. The individual member of the Church participates in a thought and life larger and deeper than his own. The crude theory of 'private judgment' finds few advocates."

If by "the crude theory of private judgment" is meant the boast of the politician immortalized in "Essays in Criticism"—"Is not every man able to say what he likes?"—we shall not argue for it. If a man "likes" to talk nonsense, his freedom to do so is, at best, a negative advantage. Time, indeed, reacts even on nonsense; and it is better that people should talk it, if they must, than that they should be forcibly restrained from doing so. But it is not a thing to be enthusiastic over; no more than this can be said. The man whose mind is a blank before 1900, however full his acquaintance with the intervening period, is a parvenu, as far as the things of mind are concerned. Here the question of the Chief Captain, "Dost thou know Greek?" is central. A knowledge of the past, its thought, its life, its chequered light and darkness, is the condition of entrance into the kingdom of ideas. The same holds in religion. For religion is a race experience; the past enters into the present: "Whose are the fathers"—the Church with the Synagogue (perhaps at times in the same sense) claims them; and Comte puts the thought even more strongly—"the living are, more and more as time advances, under the dominion of the dead." If Mr. Ward argues that the first generation of Protestants felt the deliverance of the Reformation so keenly that they failed to do justice to the philosophy of the Church which had so lately been occupied in burning them, we shall not dispute it. Those who have worn the shoe know where it pinches. Jewish scholars urge, with much plausibility, that the Evangelists took a one-sided view of the Pharisees, and St. Paul of the law. Of Protestant theology as a whole, however, it cannot be said that it neglected antiquity. Rather it was encumbered by it. St. Augustine was the point of departure for Calvinism; the English Reformers in particular laid stress on "the old Fathers" and the "primitive Church." Their angle of vision, it is true, was not Mr. Ward's, but all three are defective; and Mr. Ward's, it seems to us, is the most mischievous of the three. To identify the spiritual experience of the race with the opinion of St. Augustine, or with what was believed, rightly or wrongly, to have been the belief of the primitive Church is an error so gross and so palpable that it refutes itself; it is

obvious to the meanest intelligence that it takes a part of this experience—an isolated and infinitesimal part—for the whole. Mr. Ward's contention is more subtle. It has a certain historical foundation: had it been urged on behalf of the Medieval Church by a medieval theologian, it would have been—not, indeed, admissible, for the Christian's Fatherland was larger—but plausible in the extreme.

For the Medieval Church was heir by default of the Empire; it had taken over into itself what was left of the culture of the ancient world. Practically, it was ecumenical, and co-extensive with the civilization of its time. And the "Summa Theologica" was a vast store-house, in which knowledge as such was accumulated—"wherein were things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts." The idea was a great one; and, if the fact fell short of it, it was at least a fact on a spacious scale. Now, however, the medieval world has disappeared as completely as the ancient. Both, of course, are moments in history, and their works live after them; but they are gone. What Mr. Ward calls "the single polity of the Catholic and Roman Church, which claims to have represented continuously the Holy Catholic Church of the Creed," is in fact a broken fragment of the medieval world lying, like an erratic block, on the surface of the modern. Eastern Orthodoxy has been described as "the Church of the seventh century turned to stone"; Roman Catholicism is that of the thirteenth—but dwarfed, dwindled, stunted, the wreckage of the ages, the shadow of a once great name. Medieval Christianity, for us in the West at least, was the Church; the Church of Rome is one of the Churches. An abyss lies between the two conceptions; to confuse them is to accept paper for gold currency, and a name for a thing. The Roman Catholic Church of to-day is one of the many fragments into which the medieval Church-State split up in the sixteenth century. It is Latin, not European—much less world-wide; in each generation it has more and more emphatically turned its back towards the future, and, in doing so, repudiated all that was best and largest in its own past. Surely, it is the strangest of delusions which leads able and cultivated men to see the consensus of the race, its common corporate experience, in the Vatican dogma of 1870, the decrees of the Inquisition and the Index, or the *communiqués* of Cardinal Merry del Val. With regard to "the thought of the expert few," of which Mr. Ward speaks, "the Republic has no need of chemists"; if there is one place in the world from which this thought has been effectually excluded, it is Rome. Catholic apologetic, we are told, is logical. It may be. But, when logic works out to a palpable absurdity, we revise our premisses. "I am satisfied," wrote Dr. Arnold, in 1835, when those follies were being galvanized into new life at Oxford, "that Church authority, whether early or late, is as rotten a staff as ever was Pharaoh, King of Egypt—it will go into a man's hand to pierce him."

What is fatal to the whole argument, take what shape it will, is that its conception of the Church is false. The Church is mankind, viewed from the religious standpoint. The common experience of the race, by which that of the individual is checked and controlled, is the reason working in the world and in mankind at its best and highest; and religion is essentially part of the human mind movement as a whole. You cannot isolate it, taking it apart from civilization, speculation, morals, art, letters, neither can you arrest it. "Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum": movement is of its nature; it flows. The unity is one of spirit, of direction, of development. More than this is a contradiction. Catholicism stands for an arrested development: to develop is, however unconsciously, to have left it behind.

A MOTTO FOR BIOGRAPHERS.

"In the Footsteps of the Brontës." By MRS. ELLIS CHADWICK.
(Pitman. 16s. net.)

"L'ILLOGIQUE du vrai" should be the motto hung before the eyes of all biographers. The Goncourt Brothers, when they invented the phrase, were writing of a contemporary novelist or dramatist; to Frenchmen, indeed, such a finger-post would not seem necessary for the guidance of one whose function it is to chronicle real life. For to the French biographer, his subject is more important

than his theories about it; he looks with an eye as nearly unbiased as mortal eye can be, upon the figure which it is his aim to recall to life. "So this man or woman did," he seems to say, "and if I can, I shall show you why. But since I am writing of things that actually happened, I may not always succeed in, or even attempt, that showing. You and I could not explain all our actions: this fellow-mortal was like us."

No book, except possibly a Byron book, is more certain to remind us of the Goncourt's phrase than one about the Brontë sisters. This latest publication on the deathless topic has the merit of reminding us of it—but only as it were indirectly, that is to say, by comparison of its nearer approach to the Gallic method with the theory-ridden procedure of other Brontë specialists. True, Mrs. Chadwick has the advantage of being the first to speak at large since the appearance of "The 'Times' Letters" (as they have come to be called) on July 29th, 1913. They were the final word on one tormented point—that of Charlotte Brontë's feeling for M. Heger, whose name, by-the-bye, is written without accent by the family, which came originally from Vienna. After July, 1913, it was idle to protest that Charlotte had not loved, in the usually accepted sense of the word, her model for M. Paul Emanuel in "Villette." The protestation has nevertheless been made: Mr. Shorter (as we gather from Mrs. Chadwick's page 268) has since that date declared that the Heger letters are no more significant than the letters to Mr. Williams—a correspondence which was broken off by Charlotte's own desire, and which never bore the marks of such intensity as brands the appeals to M. Heger. Before their appearance, Miss May Sinclair had earnestly argued that the whole episode had been grossly exaggerated in importance—that Charlotte's misery at Brussels was caused by the departure of her sister Emily, her misery at Haworth (after her own final return) by the excesses of her brother Branwell, and her father's threatened loss of sight. Those arguments were turned to nothingness on the day that the world read the "Times" letters. They meant one thing, and one only—that Charlotte had vehemently loved M. Heger, and that his love had not answered hers. The horribly prosaic little touch of his pencil memorandum of some trivial matter on the back of one of these poignant and lamentable pages is to some extent removed by Mrs. Chadwick, who assures us that the writing is at any rate not his: and the permission to publish, which angered some of us with Dr. Heger (his son), is also partly explained. It is beyond question that the father had strongly objected to publication. Mrs. Chadwick makes that irrefutable by a letter, here for the first time shown, from him to Ellen Nussey in 1863. He kept Charlotte's letters, and has been blamed for keeping them; but it should be remembered that he kept also the school *devoirs* of both Charlotte and Emily, "because he had known the little geniuses": a reason which would influence most of us to the same course. Dr. Heger finally permitted publication, says Mrs. Chadwick, "because a dishonorable attachment had been hinted at by certain writers."

That Charlotte's love has been so eagerly denied by some of her biographers is matter for surprise. The denial originated, no doubt, in the time-honored, but surely now at least obsolescent, feeling that for a woman to love "in vain" is a kind of stigma. To allow that your heroine of real life had so suffered was fatally to depreciate her; thus the theory that Charlotte Brontë was a woman to whom the pain of love had only imaginatively shown itself must be upheld at any cost. It was upheld by Mrs. Gaskell, by Mr. Shorter, by Miss Sinclair—at the cost of all these writers' reputation for genuine insight. Mrs. Gaskell was in some degree the victim of her period; but that excuse falls short in the cases of those more modern theorists who have followed her lead.

Mrs. Chadwick's book is but a "skeleton" Life. She gives very few letters, referring the reader for these to Mr. Shorter's generous volumes. But though her work can never be reckoned the definitive biography, as a storehouse of facts, a *mémoire pour servir*, it must henceforth be indispensable. She has but small literary accomplishment; she repeats herself, and contradicts herself—a cardinal instance of this is on page 386, where she says that "in no single instance did the daughters ever go away with the father"—having told us, earlier in the book, that old Mr.

Brontë took them to Brussels on their first journey there. These faults are manifest; but what gives its value to the book is her no less manifest sincerity, her radical veracity, and the unwearyed pains she has taken to verify her facts. She is theory-ridden only on the eternal theme of "explanation"—that explanation of Charlotte's and Emily's genius! Here she seeks to persuade us that M. Heger "explains" Emily no less than Charlotte; indeed, he takes with her the place which, as solvent of the enigma, Branwell has hitherto occupied. M. Heger is as over-worked in this capacity as was the unhappy brother in Mrs. Gaskell's book: and, to sum up, how angry does this whole machinery make us when used as it is for the explanation of something as inexplicable as life itself. The Brussels period was "a turning point"; M. Heger was a liberator; he was, as well, the model for immortal Paul Emanuel, and the one passion of Charlotte's life. All this may be, must be, conceded, yet leave the heart of the wonder unreached: How did Charlotte, and how did Emily, "do" it? We might more wisely, with hope of answer, ask how they breathed. And when, thinking of Rochester, the quintessence of every girl's dream, and as unlike one single man who ever lived as that is; of Paul Emanuel, undreamed-of by "green girls," but irresistible when once arrived . . . when, thinking of these, we come on Mr. Nicholls, of honest everyday, and no day that ever should have dawned for Charlotte Brontë—whither shall we turn for understanding? Whither but to that phrase with which the brilliant Frenchmen have gifted us—they whose Marie Antoinette, whose Jeanne du Barry, alone emerge alive from the myriad pages which those two women have inspired? "L'illogue du vrai"; that only can account for genius—and for Mr. Nicholls.

THE DREAM FOLK OF LONDON.

"The Booklover's London." By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

"I HAVE often," says Boswell, "amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people." Mr. St. John Adcock, in like vein, dwells on the incommunicable charm of London.

"I cannot realize all that it is to you, nor you all that it is to me, because our experiences, our personal associations with it are not identical. If I were to tell you why a certain doorway in Southampton Street, out of Holborn, is the saddest place in all London to me, and why it is that I can never think of St. Swithin's Lane without seeing it paved with sunshine, you would understand my feelings but could not share them; you could still pass both places without being touched by that secret spell they can always cast upon me."

To every book-lover, however, one part of London's charm is readily communicable. It is that which is concerned with the creations of poet, novelist, and dramatist. After all, the fictional folk or dream folk of London are the sole perennial dwellers in it. To them more than to us London really belongs. Cornhill or Lombard Street is scarcely of interest to anyone because of the rich bankers who do business there; but Mr. Adcock, going up Cornhill one day, when snow was falling, remembered that Bob Cratchit ventured on a slide there, "at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve"; and then it was borne in on him

"that Samuel Titmarsh was a clerk in an Insurance office in Cornhill; that Mr. Carker, showing all his teeth, used to ride up Cheapside on a 'gleaming bay' on his road home of evenings from Mr. Domby's warehouse, which lay in a byway towards Leadenhall Street; that Dobbin and Joe Sedley stayed at Slaughter's coffee house in St. Martin's Lane; that Fernand Armine, of 'Henrietta Temple,' and old Sedley, with little George Osborne, of 'Vanity Fair,' were fond of roaming in Kensington Gardens; that Clem Peckover and Bob Hewett, of Gissing's 'Nether World,' loitered on the Embankment,"

and so forth.

Of such as these, then, are Mr. St. John Adcock's Londoners; his chosen people; and the divers sometimes real persons, distinguished though they be, whom we now and then encounter in these pages, may be described only by courtesy as citizens of his town. He treats us to writers old and new, from Foxe of the "Martyrs," to Besant and Gissing, the latter of whom makes, perhaps, his first appear-

ance in a work of this kind, and is welcome. Dickens, of course, is here, there, and everywhere; and so much of his London has vanished or is hidden out of sight, that the pilgrim will often have a tedious and baffling quest unless he is in the hands of so consummate a guide as Mr. Adcock. Indeed, the guide himself confesses once or twice that there are little bits of Dickens which he has never succeeded in placing; and where Mr. Adcock fails, the rest of us may stand disconsolate.

None but the book-lover who knows what really can be conjured up from books to make old London live again, would venture to start off from a spot so seemingly unpromising as Smithfield. But Smithfield, butchers or no butchers, is precisely where we ought to be. It is ten times better to go to Smithfield than to Piccadilly Circus, which in another five hundred years or so may have built up a history about half as interesting. Here in Smithfield ascended the smoke of the martyrs, and hard by, in Giltspur Street, "a company of knights, flashing the sun back from their armor, ride in to a tournament"; and in Bartholomew Fair (of which Wordsworth, in its latter years, saw something) "is to be seen a Prodigious Monster, lately brought over by Sir Thomas Grantham from the Great Mogul's country." These things the industrious may delve out of Foxe, Stow, and others; they have all been gathered away; but is it not quite as important to us to know that these scenes are haunted still by the creatures of Ben Jonson's fancy; by Defoe's Colonel Jack ("You may follow Colonel Jack in his flight, and find the streets he names"); by Bill Sikes and the dog, Bull's-eye, and Nancy holding little Oliver by the hand; by old Colonel Newcome, when he "dismissed his cab at Ludgate Hill"; by Nicholas Nickleby and Mr. Squeers, who set out by coach from the Saracen's Head, on Snow Hill; by that terrible solicitor, Mr. Jaggers; and by Marryat's Japhet Newland, who was sent from the Foundling Hospital to the apothecary's shop of Mr. Phineas Cophagus? Nay, was it not in Giltspur Street that Falstaff was arrested at the suit of Mistress Quickly?

"A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle . . . Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose Knave, Bardolph, with him."

The less promising the covert, indeed, the better the sport Mr. Adcock contrives to show. Would you, upon any terms, take a walk down the City Road? No? Then it is plain that you have clean forgotten "David Copperfield." For here stands Windsor Terrace, that "high, drab street, shaped like a funnel"; and behind a certain upper window sits Mr. Micawber, gloomily fingering his razor while the bootmaker on the stairs bellows for his bill. Anon, the bootmaker departing unpaid, Mr. Micawber imparts a polish to the boots, and cocks his hat, and sallies forth, humming an air. This it is to visit the City Road with Mr. St. John Adcock. Again, take that dingy nook of the City which carries the name (wholly mysterious to the present writer) of Bevis Marks. Apart from Sampson and Sally Brass, Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, is there more that it imports to know of Bevis Marks than that Codlin and Short once set up in these precincts their *Punch and Judy* show?

"It is glory enough for Bevis Marks that Codlin and Short once performed in it before Mr. Brass's door; and if you say that none of these things ever really happened, I would like you to tell me of anything in Bevis Marks's history that seems more real."

The reader will possibly have noticed that we are scarcely straying beyond what Mr. St. John Adcock calls "the square mile of the actual city of London." But this is, under a hundred aspects, the most extraordinary square mile in Europe, and within it Mr. Adcock finds his best and most alluring quarry. This little piece of London, which takes in Aldgate, Whitechapel, Mile End (how well we need to know our London to appreciate the charms enshrined in names that modern circumstance has vulgarized!) was common ground for all the signal band of the Elizabethan dramatists. Enlarge these boundaries a little, and the whole historic London of Elizabeth's galaxy of poets lies before us.

"Of course, their London was a more picturesque and a smaller place, bounded, roughly, by the Strand on the West and Aldgate on the East; by Southwark on the South, and Clerkenwell, Finsbury, Shoreditch, towards the North; and those who lived in that small, comfortable city were as intimate with it almost as a man is with his native village. Hence, a playwright laid his scenes in its streets and inns, made casual reference by name to certain of its eccentric street characters, to its high-

ways and byways, and even its back alleys, in the surety that most of his audience knew those characters and the special characteristics of those streets and alleys as well as he did himself, and would readily take the significance of his allusions."

This is a London always worth writing about, increasingly worth writing about under the continuous and imperious changes of a new and irresistible century, and never now to be written about enough. Mr. St. John Adcock has put in his stroke effectively and delightfully. We shall suggest how the reader may try with what skill his task has been accomplished. We take it that in London the three most difficult historic centres to talk about in an appealing way, with as little reference as possible to the real and famous people who have lived in them, are Fleet Street, the Strand, and the Tower. Here are three genuine tests for a book planned on these lines, and it strikes us that Mr. Adcock has got around them.

TRANSLATED BALLADES.

"The Ballades of Théodore de Banville." Translated into English verse by ARCHIBALD E. STRONG. (Macmillan. 3s. net.)

It is surprising how lean is Théodore de Banville's reputation in England. Many professed critics of nineteenth-century French literature either ignore him or accord him only the meed of literary *gymnast*. Dowden's justly renowned survey of the great men of letters of France does not even mention him, and Mr. St. John Lucas, whose introduction to the "Oxford Book of French Verse" has qualities of discernment and delicacy of insight which puts him very high among contemporary critics, only cursorily refers to his "agreeable *palinodes*." The prevailing impression is that de Banville's inspiration was circumscribed by his meticulous and self-imposed devotion to form, and that his mastery of elaborately engineered metrical effects refined his work, not of the unessentials of ornament, but of all utterance that would put a strain upon the external fabric of his finely wrought but brittle craftsmanship. In France, on the other hand, de Banville has received an ample recognition. While among us, he has only been the recipient of isolated appreciations, like those of Swinburne, Andrew Lang, and, it may be added, of Mr. Saintsbury, among his own countrymen he is regarded as an instrument of the redemption and rerudescence of native French lyrical characteristics. They do not fail to remember the part he played as one of the pioneers in the creation of "Le Parnasse Contemporain" of 1866, a poetic ukase in its way as momentous an achievement in the rehabilitation of French habits of rhythmic thought and expression to the position most natural to it, as our own "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798. If de Banville did not actually formulate the design of that document, he shared with Gautier and Leconte de Lisle the credit of having fertilized and circulated its message so triumphantly that, by its reconciliation of the romantic and classical aptitudes of the French language, it has become the watchword of modern French poetry. And to understand de Banville, it is necessary to understand the catholicity of that movement, which, at its inception alone, embraced such diverse personalities, with such diverse methods and ideals, as François Coppée, Emile Deschamps, Catulle Mendès, Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Mallarmé, the subsequent leader of the Symbolists.

It is therefore with much gratification that we welcome Mr. Strong's subtle translations of de Banville's "Trente-six Ballades," which, by their fidelity to the original and happy adjustment to the exigencies of English idiom, will, we hope, do something towards dissipating the ignorance and misconceptions which we have gathered upon the exquisite lyrical abandon of the French poet. In his dedication to these "Ballades," de Banville acknowledged the Ballade of Villon as his model. "My present ambition," he says, "is to restore to France one of the most essentially French forms of poetry which have ever existed—the Ballade of Villon." And, again—"I have tried not to call the old ballade from the dead, but to make her live again in a daughter who shall be her like, and to create the New Ballade." But the daughter had little enough of her father's blood in her veins. Mr. Strong, in a concise and trenchant introduction, insists,

very rightly, on the fundamental divergences between the genius of Villon and that of de Banville, which he declares is more akin to the blithe and elegant *naïveté* of that other fifteenth-century balladist, Charles d'Orléans, rather than to the starkly passionate realism, fervor, and disenchantment of Villon. They had little in common but their vitality and the extraordinarily fertile and intricate uses to which they put that rather starchy and recondite medium of expression—the ballade. For de Banville was primarily the poet and philosopher of natural joy. His best verse is quintessential joy embodied into rhythm with a simplicity of phrase and a comeliness and symmetry of structure which is, within its own boundaries, absolutely perfect. The real thing about de Banville is the way in which what he wants to say is assimilated to his manner of saying it. His technique is a kind of burning glass which concentrates to their utmost capacity of radiance the shafts of his fresh and sparkling imagination. The equilibrium between his thought and its musical presentment is quite wonderful. In some respects he was a finer workman than Gautier, because he knew better how to disguise the dexterity of his accomplishment in the little cataracts of sweetness and gaiety which are his charm. How he got it out of that old-maidish perquisite of the prosodists—the ballade—is one of the mysteries of the poetic craft. Limited his art is, but not crystallized. It is the incarnation of what Baudelaire called "that intensity of life through which the soul sings because it must, like the tree, the bird, and the sea." To reckon de Banville as a mere metrical conjurer is absurd. His whole attitude is a denial of artificiality. Like the Greek anthologist (Swinburne aptly compared him with Simonides of Ceos), he is for ever rubbing off the rouge of the town, and washing his spirit in the dewiness of the flowers of the field. On his own showing, he enrolled himself under the banner of Hellas; but it was in the modern sense—as an escape into the spontaneity and exultance of freedom, expressed in plastic but firm contours of beauty. His poetry is concrete and orderly from the French rather than the Hellenic angle of vision.

Mr. Strong, we think, should have printed the French text; at any rate, in an appendix to the English rendering, especially as his intuition into the complex metre of de Banville is so sure, his translation has the singular virtue of not departing from the intrinsic idea and significance of his subject, and, at the same time, of transforming it into an equivalent English dress. His version, that is to say, is neither a pedestrian exercise of accuracy, on the one hand, nor a disproportionate regard for his own invention on the other. The following from the "Ballade of his Fidelity to Poesy" is a fair example of the measure of his success:—

"And Galatea, in her beauty bare,
Cries to Pygmalion, suppliant at her feet:
Wouldst have me love thy beard, thy tousled hair?
Nay, in what haven rides thy treasure-fleet?
Love's best is cruel as the law of Crete!
Sirrah, hast gold? for thee the kind eyes shine;
Hast at all of treasure? Lo, her love is thine,
Thine is her faith; thy pleading nought can stead;
The very milk we draw is salt as brine,
I love the laurel, else my soul were dead."

The last line is a particularly effective translation of "Pourquoi je vis? Pour l'amour du laurier." But for a few minor imperfections, Mr. Strong's volume is full of these felicities.

THE "BOHN" PEPYS.

"The Diary of Samuel Pepys." Edited by HENRY B. WHEATLEY. (Bell. 8 vols. 5s. each.)

INDISCRETION, which sometimes causes the living to be cold-shouldered, is an unfailing source of popularity for the dead. If indiscretion had not been one of the distinguishing qualities of Samuel Pepys, he would be to us what he was to his contemporaries, a dignified official and Fellow of the Royal Society—"a very worthy, industrious, and curious person," wrote Evelyn—and the world would have been without one of its most entertaining books. We owe that work in its entirety to Mr. Wheatley's editorial labors. Fifteen years ago he completed an edition which contains so much fresh matter that it can almost be said to reveal a

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HOME RAILWAY DEBENTURES.

The improvement in the price of Consols since the beginning of the year has been accompanied by a rise in the price of all high-class stocks, among them Home Railway

debentures. These stocks have always been favorites with the Trustee, and the yields on them have been consistently lower than the return from Colonial stocks. They differ from Colonial stocks in one important particular. Colonial stocks are all repayable at par on fixed dates, while Home Railway debentures are perpetual stocks, and their prices are affected by the same considerations as are Consols. When, in the course of 1913, Home Railway debentures fell to prices at which they returned 4 per cent. upon the money, the Stock Exchange began to ask itself where the depreciation in gilt-edged securities was going to stop. Since the beginning of the year, however, railway debentures have just about recovered to the highest prices touched by them in 1913. The extent of this improvement, the limit of fluctuation in 1913, and yields at present prices on the leading debentures are set out in the following table:—

		Prices of 1913.		Price High.	Price Low.	Present Jan. 1.	Price Price.	Yield. % s. d.
		High.	Low.					
Caledonian 4%	...	105	99	100	104	104	3 17 0	
Central London 4%	...	100½	97½	98	98	98	4 1 8	
Great Central 3½% 2nd deb.	...	87	80½	81	85	84	4 2 3	
Great Eastern 4%	...	103	95½	96	103	103	3 17 9	
Great Northern 3%	...	79½	74½	75½	80	80	3 15 0	
Great Western 4%	...	107	100½	101	107	107	3 14 9	
Lancashire and Yorkshire 3%	...	78½	73½	74½	80½	80½	3 15 6	
London and N. Western 3%	...	81½	76	77	81½	81½	3 13 9	
London and S. Western 3%	...	78½	74½	74½	80½	80½	3 15 6	
London, Brighton 4½%	...	115½	110	110	115	115	3 18 3	
London, Chatham & Dover 4½%	...	114	107	108	111	111	4 1 0	
London Electric 4%	...	96½	88½	89	90	90	4 9 0	
Midland 2½% deb.	...	66½	62½	62½	68	68	3 14 9	
North British 3%	...	79	73½	74	81	81	3 15 0	
North Eastern 3%	...	78½	73½	74½	80½	80½	3 15 6	
South Eastern 5%	...	125½	119	119	125	125	4 0 0	

There is only one stock in this list yielding over 4 per cent. and at the same time complying in full with the requirements of a Trustee stock, and that is Central London 4 per Cent. Debenture stock, the company having paid 3 per cent. regularly upon its ordinary stock. The company is not a "home railway" in the ordinary sense, but the revenue and working expenses of an electric passenger line are so steady that a debenture stock covered by a large margin of earnings is a very sound security. For this reason, the yield of £4 9s. upon London Electric debentures looks attractive. The only explanation for the present low prices of these stocks is perhaps a fear that the capital expenditure contemplated by the Underground group may not be remunerative, at all events for some time. The highest yield on a full Trustee stock is the £3 18s. 3d. on Brighton 4½ per Cent. Debentures, which certainly look cheap. In 1912 they were never below 113, and in 1911 never below 117. It is possible, of course, that the reaction apparent in the Gilt-edged Market this week may go further, in which case they might be picked up a point or so cheaper. The point about them at the moment, however, is the fact that they have not advanced since the beginning of the year to the same extent as similar securities.

BARCLAY AND CO.'S DIVIDEND.

By an oversight, I stated last week that the interim dividend on Barclay & Co.'s "B" or partly paid shares was at the rate of 7½ per cent., instead of 17½ per cent. per annum. It is obvious that the rate could not have been less than 10 per cent. per annum, the rate paid upon the fully paid shares, because they rank equally for dividend up to 10 per cent. If the final dividend on the "B" shares is at the same rate as the interim dividend, they will yield very nearly £5 6s. per cent. to the purchaser. Dividends on both shares are paid subject to deduction of Income-tax.

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BOVRIL LTD.

THE 17th Annual General Meeting of Bovril Ltd., was held on the 10th inst. The Chairman of the Company, the Earl of Erroll, presided, and in moving the adoption of the report said that at their last meeting he referred to the satisfactory rate of increase in the sales for 1911 and 1912. The progress had continued throughout 1913, and their sales had been far ahead of all previous records.

The sales for the first five weeks of 1914 were more than double those for the same period last year, and represented a sale of more than 1½ million bottles of Bovril in excess of January, 1913.

Dealing with the figures in the balance-sheet, the Chairman stated that the gross profit on trading showed the results of the higher cost of cattle, and consequently there was a reduction in the actual profits. The interest and dividends, profits, etc., from associated companies showed an increase of £30,500, and it was partly owing to that increase that the directors were enabled to recommend the 2 per cent. dividend on the Deferred shares. Alluding to the satisfactory results they were obtaining from their holding in Estates Control, Ltd., the Chairman said that Company was one of the largest dealers in extract and essence of beef in bulk. Its sales during the last two years had considerably increased and it had made large profits.

With the large and growing sales of Bovril, their raw material requirements were very great, and owing to the increased consumption in recent years the resources of the vast Bovril farms had been heavily taxed to keep pace with the demand. The buying of additional cattle had to be done in the face of a growing world demand for beef, which had so raised prices that the local ranchers wanted nearly twice as much for their stocks as they did two or three years ago, and it was this all-important factor that had increased the cost of Bovril and rendered necessary an advance in selling prices.

Owing to the increased cost of their raw material requirements, their gross profit on trading was £70,000 less than last year, notwithstanding the enormous increase in sales. He wished them to bear in mind that it took several pounds of beef to make a small bottle of Bovril. For Bovril only the best would do, and it was the preparation that had stood the test of independent scientific investigation.

In concluding, the Chairman stated that a further gratifying proof of the value placed on the good qualities of Bovril was the testimony of Sir Ernest Shackleton, who had written to his agent to say that for his journey across the Antarctic he considered the question of the concentrated beef supply to be most important and he must have Bovril.

Mr. George Lawson Johnston seconded the adoption of the report, and after some questions had been put and the Chairman had replied, the report was adopted.

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CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

THE annual general meeting was held yesterday at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. E. Manville presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report, the Chairman said that his colleagues and himself felt great pleasure in meeting the shareholders and submitting the Corporation's tenth revenue account and balance-sheet, which fully justified the anticipations which he held out during the past two years.

During the past twelve months they had been able to invest £38,000, which was at least double the amount set aside in any previous year. Their investments now reached the considerable total of £175,000, as against £137,000 at the close of 1912.

The gross premium income amounted to £365,363, and the net premium income to £340,148, as against a net premium income of £291,919 last year. The increase had been again accompanied by a diminution in the amount of risks outside the United Kingdom.

Dealing with the provisions made for unexpired liabilities and outstanding claims, the Chairman said the directors considered the results of the past twelve months to be a final and conclusive answer to any question as to their adequacy, for it would have been impossible for the Corporation to have issued its present satisfactory balance-sheet had they been carrying forward year after year concealed and accumulating liabilities. With reference to the amount set aside for outstanding claims the directors had, as usual, looked very closely into the sufficiency of this reserve, and they were satisfied that the provision made was ample.

During the year they paid increasing attention to obtaining an ever greater volume of motor car insurances, and he would like to put on record that during the past twelve months the Management had initiated new and original methods for rating private and business motor vehicle risks respectively. In the case of business motor vehicles, they now quoted what was practically a fixed rate for each type of vehicle. With regard to private motor cars, they were issuing a prospectus quoting only seven fixed rates for all cars from 8 to 50 horse power. The Workmen's Compensation Act Department had been placed upon a definitely profit-earning basis.

In conclusion, the Chairman said the Directors felt the Proprietors would like to join with them in recording their appreciation of the way in which everybody connected with the Corporation had done, at all time, his or her duty.

The resolution was agreed to.



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